THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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TYRANT STAMBULOFF.

An Assassin, a Brute and Libertine, Who Used His Country to Further Base Political Ends.

A Correspondent of "The Citizen" Uses Strong Language in Regard to His Disappearance From Earthly Scenes.

[*To the Editor.*]

The death of Stambuloff has given rise to a series of press comments, by writers whose views are taken from very different standpoints, and perhaps an Irish view of the matter is all that is necessary to render the series complete.

All agree in this, that Stambuloff was a man of great intelligence and daring, and more—of great courage. He was rather proud of parading the fact that he was daily in danger of assassination, and had a nonchalant manner of giving this information to his friends. At the same time, he was surrounded by police and detectives, his house was barricaded and defended by soldiers, and he rushed from his carriage to his door, as one correspondent describes it, "like a rat escaping into its hole."

When the time was ripe for an insurrection against Turkey, the "Bulgarian horrors" were duly exploited in the European newspapers, and naturally sympathy was extended to the Bulgarians and indignation aroused against the "unspeakable Turk." The same thing has been tried about Armenia, but the time for it was inopportune. Then Mr. Gladstone, voicing the feeling of the British nation, which is always virtuously denunciative of all atrocities but its own, rhetorically raised the banner of Bulgaria and instigated the insurrection. This would have been entirely suppressed in blood, but for the succor of a British army—no, of a Russian army that entered Bulgaria, crossed the Balkans, and after desperate fighting conquered the Turkish troops. Bulgaria then was free, and, like Roumania, she owed her liberty to the czar.

But now followed the intrigues of the nations, led by the English. They managed to have the fate of Bulgaria referred to a conference of the Powers. France was gagged, and Bismarck played the czar a false trick. The result was that Russia had to abandon the protectorate of Bulgaria, and all the sacrifices of the war were rendered useless to her. Among the Bulgarian "patriots" who entered into the scheme of defrauding Russia of her just influence in Bulgaria, Stambuloff was a leader, and soon forced his way to the front. If Colonel Canza could become Hospadar of Roumania, why could not Stambuloff become Prince of Bulgaria? To attain this position was the grand and only aim of his life, and all his "patriotism" was measured by his selfishness and ambition. The German and Austrian governments desired to make Prince Alexander of Battenberg the ruler of Bulgaria. He became a mere puppet in Stambuloff's hands, until the invasion of his territory by Servia, which he gallantly repelled. Then he became personally popular, and from that moment was of no further use to Stambuloff, who did not want any dynasty to become rooted in Bulgaria. To get rid of Alexander all kinds of plots were concocted so as to drive him away through fear of assassination. And when these failed, Stambuloff had him kidnapped, and carried beyond the borders, and warned never to return.

Then there was an interregnum, during which Stambuloff pursuaded the legislature to make him regent, or dictator. A commission was sent roving over Europe with orders to find a new prince to take Alexander's place. It was not intended that they should succeed. They were to come back and report that nobody could be found, and then Stambuloff would sacrifice himself by patriotically assuming the crown. That was his little game. But it miscarried in this way: The members of the commission were one day drinking beer with some German officers, and related as a good joke the object of their junketing tour. A German colonel jumped up and swore in regulation style that he had just the very article wanted among his sub-lieutenants. Then Prince Ferdinand was trotted forth to show his paces, and was precipitately accepted. He had a rich and ambitious mother, and was himself exactly the sort of nincompoop that Stambuloff sent them to pick up.

When placed on his throne, Ferdinand found that he might reign but not govern. In fact, he found himself a very obedient loyal subject of Minister Stambuloff. He might have remained such only that he got married. Stambuloff, who was a notorious libertine, without respect for any woman, grossly insulted the princess. And in the end her influence added to that of the premier's enemies led to his dismissal. Since his fall, he has been busy intriguing against his prince and his country, and lived in hourly dread of the vengeance of those whom he had maltreated while in power.

For of all the unscrupulous wielding of power Stambuloff takes the palm. The assassinations of bloody Balfour were mere trifles in comparison with the murders, torturings, and confiscations to which those who stood in the way of his ambition or his lust were exposed. His memory reeks with every conceivable foulness. Among the assassinations under legal form which stained his rule was that of Major Panitza, whom he conceived was his rival. He concocted a plot ascribed to Panitza, and had the Major and all his family and friends siezed, tortured, imprisoned and executed. He stamped out his rival's family root and branch. His ferocity was fiendish. But this was why he was feared, and why he has been likened to Bismarck and Cromwell. I believe he did very much resemble the latter. The end might have been predicted. Catiline and Cromwell created reactions against their policy. Stambuloff's enemies gathered slowly but terribly against the day of retribution. He wanted to escape from Bulgaria, but a law that he got passed as a trap for others held him fast. He was willing to sell out Bulgarian independence to Austria or to the Porte, if either would promise to protect and re-establish him in power. At length his cup was full, and Panitza's friends, adopting Stambuloff's methods, brought his bad record to a close.

Every friend of liberty, of justice, of morality must be gratified at the termination of an evil career. Bulgaria would do well to bury his example with his dead body. And downtrodden peoples may experience renewed hope by witnessing the simplicity of his taking off. The patient search and vigil long of him who treasures up a wrong makes tyrants tremble. Of all the malefactors, the worst and most execrable are those who utilize the forms of law and the opportunities of power to oppress their political opponents. An assassin who wields the sword of state is doubly an assassin in comparison with a private murderer. History deals leniently with the Charlotte Cordays when their victim is a monster. And when such a man as Stambuloff falls, good people are wont to exclaim, "God reigns!"

No people, however enslaved, disarmed, beset, can for long be tyrannized over by one man or a set of men. A nation's life is not like a human life, limited to three-score years. It has invariably been found that when death has finished the bad deeds of a despot, the oppressed have a change for the better. But men do not relish their bad predecessor's punishment. We never find a series of scoundrels treading in each other's steps, if the first of the gang has met with his deserts. And we may be sure that all the Bulgarians will always eventually find the way to get rid of their respective Stambuloffs. W.

[NOTE—While Stambuloff was undoubtedly as bad a man as our correspondent "W." has painted him, THE CITIZEN emphatically dissents from the able writer's view that assassination, however bitterly provoked, is a cure for political evils in Bulgaria or elsewhere. It only leads to further assassination, and nothing—not even the tyranny of such a scoundrel as Stambuloff—can justify such a policy. A nation of assassins would be even more detestable than a nation of slaves. The Bulgarians have arms in their hands, and if they are oppressed, as we believe they are, should resort, as in 1877, to the sword and not the dagger.—ED. CITIZEN.]

A VIGOROUS ARGUMENT.

[*To the Editor.*]

HARVARD, Ill., July 30.—It is an old Irish legend that the Danish invaders of the Green Island had tails. Now, the Rev. Dr. Zahn, of Notre Dame, Ind., tells us it is possible that all men evoluted from monkeys. If he had not so generalized the old Irish teaching, we might let it pass, for the Doctor is a monk. He says this doctrine of his is not antagonistic to any teaching of the Catholic church. If the church could possibly have foreseen that a mule could steal into her priesthood there would be a very special law to fit the Doctor's case. Some of those evolutions from the Catholic summer schools can be excused only on the plea that these are the "dog days."

Please give to the human dogs their right,
Their just natural right on earth—a tail!—*Heinrich Heine.*

The proper way to argue, with the Rev. Dr. Zahn is to give him a kick in that appendix thusly.

B. E. MAHONY, Pastor.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Milton Nobles in "Love and Law" is the attraction that opens Havlin's Theatre Sunday afternoon. Mr. Nobles is one of our best and most popular actors. He will be supported by the Havlin stock company of skilled players. Great interest is taken in Mr. Havlin's experiment of a stock season, and it deserves success.

BELIEVES IN GUNS.

[*To the Editor.*]

BOSTON, Mass., July 19.—I am directed by Div. 6, A. O. H. (B. of E.), to inform you that they have passed a resolution coinciding with the statement which appeared in the press here a few weeks ago to the effect that "the Irish people cannot expect anything from a McCarthyite party, Redmondite party or Parnellite party, either inside or outside the British house of commons, and that the Irish question has degenerated into a solemn farce," which proves clearly to our minds that constitutional agitation has had a fair trial and a fairer chance to prove what it could do, but it has made the most complete failure of any movement that ever existed in Ireland for the amount of support, financially and physically, it received, and that the freedom of Ireland shall never be gained by such procedure.

We want a movement which must be arrayed in a united front, and not by any instructive community of sentiment. It must be a deliberate calculation of intelligent men, whose integrity and honor the British government will be unable and powerless to purchase, and that the only means of the freedom of our country shall be to fight for it by the sword, and we hope that the time is near at hand when every true and patriotic Irishman will see the necessity of saving his money and buy a gun and make himself well acquainted with it. He will then be doing more for his country than all the Irish members in parliament could ever hope to do.

JOHN J. DOHERTY, President.
P. F. HANLEY, Secretary.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE.

Oh, maiden fly tonight with me,
Wrapt nature seems in placid slumber,
No breath disturbs the tranquil sea,
No clouds the starry sky encumber.
My boat is moored in yonder cove,
The gentle moon shall onward light us,
And fast upon the wings of love
We'll fly the foes who wrong and slight us.
Then maiden fly tonight with me
Across the tranquil moonlit ocean,
A home of wealth I'll give to thee—
A heart of pure and deep devotion.

I've come to take thee o'er the wave
A life of bliss remains before us,
Where Freedom smiles upon the brave
And thraldom ne'er shall shadow o'er us.
When tyrants wake from guilty sleep,
They whose fetters gape to bind us,
We'll sail upon the azure deep
And leave them raging here behind us.
Then maiden fly tonight with me
Across the tranquil moonlit ocean,
A home of bliss I'll give to the—
A heart of pure and deep devotion.

Thy lover's sword shall be thy shield
And guard the maid his heart hath cherished;
This sword has gleamed on many a field
Where valor won and tyrants perished.
No bigot's rage hast thou to fear,
No Saxon knave shall lord us over,
No despot taint the atmosphere
But Liberty around us hover.
Then maiden fly tonight with me
Across the tranquil moonlit ocean,
A home of peace I'll give to thee—
A heart of pure and deep devotion.

With richest gems thy harp I'll twine,
And hang upon each tender number
At eve beneath the fragrant vine
Where Peace and Worth serenely slumber;
And thou shalt sing thy favorite lays—
The lays of Erin, love and gladness—
And bring us back to childhood's days
In thoughts of mingled joy and sadness.
So maiden fly tonight with me
Across the tranquil moonlit ocean,
A home of bliss I'll give to thee—
A heart of pure and deep devotion.

P. T. M.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rush street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p. m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

Half Rates to Colorado.

On Aug. 11 and 12, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo and return at half rates—one fare for round trip, tickets good for return passage leaving Colorado points Aug. 20 to 25, with privilege of further extension until Sept. 1. For tickets and full information apply to agents C. & N. W. R'y.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Some Mistakes of Moore Revealed by Prof. Charles Villiers Stanford.

A Unique Edition of the Irish Melodies, in Which a Large Number of the Airs are Revised.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

It is hard to pull down an idol, and none regrets it more than those who have for years worshipped in blind faith at the shrine. Moore has been the poet of the Irish people of all classes for the past three generations, and his songs have not been sung by the Irish people alone, they have been rendered into almost all modern languages, and sung in all manner of entertainments, from grand opera to the parlor concert. The airs have become fastened into the popular ear by their simplicity and their beauty, and the name of the poet was almost synonymous with Irish music.

One of the chief objects of Thomas Moore in writing the Irish melodies was to preserve a large number of the ancient airs which were only to be found in a few collections made by Carolan, Holden, Bunting and Burke Thumoth. The efforts he made in this direction did not please the men of his day, and the storm of wrath he brought down on his head by the alteration of some of the airs is almost forgotten. Few, at most, of the present generation know anything of it. Better fated than most national quarrels, it brought out that remarkable genius, Father Prout.

It would seem now that the quarrel is about to be renewed. Prof. Charles Villiers Stanford, an eminent Irish musician in London, and a composer of great talent and considerable fame, has recently published a volume of Moore's Irish Melodies, with a large number of the airs revised. The ambition of this celebrated musician, for many years, has been to lay before the public an edition of the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore, in which the airs could be given in as accurate form as noted by such excellent antiquarians as Bunting and Petrie. His researches in the matter have been facilitated by the kindness of the British Museum authorities, and more particularly of Mr. Barclay Squire, who presides over the musical section of the library, who allowed him to examine some of the rare collections, especially those of Burke Thumoth, Carolan and Holden. To this last compiler Moore was undoubtedly (after Bunting) the most indebted.

"While it is impossible to overrate the value of much of Moore's work," says Mr. Stanford, "both as containing masterpieces of lyrical writing, and as being the first popular presentation of the Folk-songs of Ireland, it must be remembered that the age in which they were published was not one of the golden periods of British music, and that accuracy of datail was scarcely to be expected at a time when knowledge of the subject was very limited. In any strictures which I have felt compelled to pass on the poet and his arranger, Sir John Stevenson, this point must be kept in view, and it must be freely conceded that neither before nor since Moore's time has there been any Irish poet who has so completely combined fineness of workmanship with spirit and pathos of expression."

The investigation of Prof. Stanford and his comparison of the airs has been a very thorough one. In the beginning of the volume, just after the index, we find a number of notes on the songs, and as one can readily see by a glance over them, there is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt. Whether he or his arranger are responsible for these corruptions is a matter that is lost to history, but as the name of the poet has the greater prominence in the original publication, any blame which the reviser is compelled to allot, must be laid at his door. Stevenson was a remarkable musician. Although a life-long resident of Ireland, he was well read in foreign music, particularly the works of Haydn, which seemed to have considerable influence on his writings, and he has imported into his arrangements of Moore's Melodies, a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal. This probably led to the alterations of scales and characteristic intervals, such as the flat seventh, which are the very life and soul of Irish melodies. Some airs are, owing to long usage in the form in which they first were dressed, almost hopelessly spoilt; as an instance, "The Last Rose of Summer," ("The Groves of Blarney"), the original of which may be found in Holden's collection. Moore has assisted this transmogrification by supplying words, often beautiful in themselves, but quite out of keeping with the style of the airs, such as sentimental poems for jig tunes, dirges for agricultural airs, battle hymns for reels. Such errors of judgment were incapable of alteration, save by a sacrifice of the words, in a collection which was intended as a complete presentation, both of the music and of Moore's work. It must be admitted, and even Prof. Stanford does admit the fact, that in a few instances, such as "Let Erin Remember," and "Oh Ye Dead," the melodies are so intrinsically fine and so versatile in their adaptability to various sentiments, as to endure the change of character without loss of expressiveness.

The following are some of Prof. Stanford's corrections: In "Erin, the Tear," there is a most radical change from the air arranged by Stevenson, and we are told that "Moore's version is wholly wrong, and closely resembles 'Robin Adair'; that given here is Bunting's. The bars omitted by Moore are added with the words in italics. It is possible that 'Robin Adair' is a simplified and shortened form from the same source as 'Aileen Aroon.'"

In writing of "How Dear to Me the Hour," Prof. Stanford says: "Moore has spoilt this tune by inserting wholly irrelevant intervals, and altering the final cadence. The rhythm of this song is so peculiar as to suggest the possibility that the tempo has been carelessly noted. Mr. Joseph Robinson in his arrangement has altered the signature to 4-4 time. As all the old authorities have given it in 3-4 time, I have followed them and the pauses I have inserted seem to make the lilt of tune intelligible."

Of "Let Erin Remember," he says: "This air as given by Bunting is a quick dance tune. Moore has altered it by halving the speed, into a march, and, with the exception of one phrase sacrificed by him and here restored, it is impossible to deny that the melody has greatly gained in force and dignity by the alteration."

In "Silent O Moyle" it is pointed out that Moore destroyed the character of the tune and obliterated its scale by sharpening its seventh, giving G sharp for G natural.

There is scarcely a passage right in Moore's version of "Erin, O Erin," and the repeat of the first phrase, which is characteristic of this form of air, has been omitted by him; nor is it possible to supply it without adding two lines to the poem. "She Is Far From the Land," an air from Bunting's first collection, of which Moore left scarcely a note unaltered, is restored to its original form in this collection, and the reviser says of the "Last Rose of Summer": "The melody of 'The Groves of Blarney' is given by Holden. It has a Ullogaun or lament at the close which is singularly beautiful. The whole tune is much altered and spoilt by Moore, but it is so well known in its corrupt version that it is hopeless to restore it completely. I have, however, taken out the ridiculous cadenza and the B natural, which destroy its simplicity."

Chappell claims the "Girl I Left Behind Me" as an English air; Bunting, whose version Prof. Stanford uses in his collection, claims it as Irish. Moore's ending in the minor is quite without authority of any sort. Bunting had the air from O'Neil, the harpist.

"Oh Ye Dead" is commented on as follows: "A singular proof of Moore's superficial smattering of Irish folk-songs. The melody is a lively agricultural tune, probably whistled by a ploughman. To this Moore has written a dirge, altering the whole character of the air. Apart from this curious blunder, he has ruthlessly altered both notes and rhythm, of which the irregularity was the main charm; treating them indeed after the fashion of Procrustes. These vandalisms I have been able to expunge and to restore the original as it stands in the collection of the younger Carolan." About the well known version of "She Sang of Love," he tells us: "Moore has, for a wonder, preserved the characteristic flat seventh in the scale of this tune; but he (or his arranger) has compensated for this unusual accuracy by altering the key to the subdominant, which produces a most ridiculous effect. The air is in the narrative form." He has adopted the second version of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," given by Dr. Francis Robinson, as the setting to the "Song of the Battle Eve." It is nearly identical with that in Holden's collection, though in a few points superior to it. Moore's is much poorer, and he has wholly altered the close, ending the melody in the relative major.

The foregoing are but a few of the notes given in Dr. Stanford's book. As he comments pretty freely on more than sixty of the Melodies in this fashion, it would require considerable space to reproduce his opinions. He has accomplished a great work in restoring the melodies to their original purity, though it is doubtful that, even granting the correct versions of these airs were well known, they would displace these of Moore, which have been in popular favor for nearly a century. However, time works wonders and even this may happen, especially as a new spirit of Irish music has been recently born in the old land, and the new disciples of the art may throw aside the old traditions, and, despising hero worship, seek and adopt that which is true in art and history, both of our own day and of the times that are past.

To the musician Prof. Stanford's book will be a positive treat. All of his accompaniments are in modern style. As the melodies were seldom or never imagined from any but a monophonic standpoint, polyphony must be an interloper, no matter what its style. Therefore he has adopted a free form, while preserving in all cases the scale of the melody. The idea of the arranger in this matter is that the more vivid and the more in accordance with the spirit of the present age they can be made, the better their chance of bringing the force of the melody home to the listener. The airs are for all time, their dress must vary with the fashion of a fraction of time.

The Irish Melodies, arranged for the voice by Charles Villiers Stanford, is published by Boosey & Co., of No. 295 Regent street, London, Eng., and of No. 9 East Seventeenth street, New York city. The price of the English edition is five shillings, and that of the American edition is $2.50. It is a royal octavo in form and is beautifully printed. The paper is of the best, and with the exception of a few typographical errors, which will probably be corrected in a later edition, the volume is well-nigh perfect.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

FROM FALL RIVER, MASS.

The Sarsfield Club of Fall River, Mass., at its meeting an the evening of July 22, endorsed the New Movement as follows:

WHEREAS, The experience of recent years proves the futility of current efforts of so-called leaders in the Irish cause; and

WHEREAS, We deem the time opportune for more decisive efforts in the the direction of securing justice for our country; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Sarsfield Club, in meeting assembled, do most heartily approve and indorse the New Movement, in the hope that it will be successful in awakening the Irish people to a proper appreciation of the necessity for more energetic and determined efforts toward raising aloft the Green Flag, never to be lowered until independence for Ireland is won.

Committee on resolutions: Anthony Frain, Hugh Flanagan, James Hessian, Eugene Harrington, W. J. Connors.

FROM FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Shamrock Club of Fort Wayne, one of the strongest organized bodies of Irishmen in Northern Indiana, adopted the following resolutions at their regular meeting recently:

WHEREAS, A call for a convention of Irishmen has been set on foot for the preparation of a programme of action more to the purpose of securing Irish national independence, and in view of the past actions of British Tory and Liberal ministries, coupled with the faithless, if not treacherous, faction in the Irish parliamentary party, and

WHEREAS, In the language of the immortal Patrick Henry, "We can only judge of the future by the past," home rule is a hopeless attainment through British lords and commons. Her course is so narrow that the parabolic camel passing through the eye of an needle seems more of a possibility, and

WHEREAS, Irishmen at home and abroad feel the shame and disgrace of passing the hat for every parliamentary election only to see anticipated hopes fade and bright expectations vanish through British perfidy and Irish parliamentary factionalism engendered through petty jealousy and disunion; and

WHEREAS, The so-called Irish parliamentary party are without leadership or following sufficient to inspire confidence of the further or future support of patriotic Irishmen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the coming convention take united and concerted action toward a choice of loyal and true leaders worthy of the undertaking, and a plan of action befitting the present emergency.

Resolved, That we denounce all factions, both in Ireland and America, in the past and present, should any exist, and especially the present Parliamentary party, as trifling and disgusting to true Irishmen before the world and unbecoming the legislative representatives of a race of people whose struggles for independence have been for centuries noble, patient and patriotic.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with the rack-rented tenant farmers and oppressed peasantry of Ireland who have borne up so bravely and patiently under the treacherous and disgraceful actions of their repsesentatives in London, who in conjunction with their British colleagues have broken every promise and betrayed every pledge made to ameliorate their condition and only succeeded in reviving the bloody memory of Oliver Cromwell. Be it further

Resolved, That the Shamrock Literary Club of Fort Wayne pledge its financial support to the coming convention, and respectfully request all true lovers of liberty and Irish societies, literary, temperate, beneficial, military, patriotic and otherwise to co-operate with us with a view to the active advancement of Irish independence.

M. H. Bohen, President; P. E. Bresnahan, Secretary; James Madden, James A. Reilly, Michael F. Belger, Committee.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only until Aug. 20.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

GREATEST VILLAIN.

HOLMES HOLDS THE RECORD AS A PRODIGY IN CRIME.

The Quinlans Now Believed To Be Particeps Criminis, and Even Pitzel's Hands Not Unstained with Blood—Murder of Another Man Suspected and Two More Women on the Roll.

CHICAGO, July 25.—As the result of finding part of a human skeleton, believed that of little Pearl Conner, in the subcellar at the Holmes "Castle" on Sixty-third street, Chief Badenoch has decided to hold Joseph C. Owens and Patrick Quinlan, the two janitors of the building, for further investigation. The chief of police came to the conclusion to hold the men after an examination which was conducted in his office, and which lasted nearly five hours. From their answers to questions Chief Badenoch believes both men have guilty knowledge of the criminal operations of the man Holmes, and the finding of the bones now leaves no doubt that in addition to his known swindling operations Holmes is also guilty of murder in Chicago.

Found Another Quicklime Bed.

The workmen at the "Castle" continuing their search in another portion of the basement, found a second bed of quicklime. In this, just before their labors ended for the day, they discovered one of the metacarpel bones of a human body. They expect today to uncover other bodies buried in this charnel house of Englewood. The body found early in the day is supposedly that of Pearl Conner, daughter of Julia L. Conner, the former wife of C. L. Conner, once of Mu-catine, Ia. Both mother and child have been missing since the summer of 1892. The woman was betrayed by Holmes, her husband secured a divorce, and she lived with Holmes, and some time in July or August, 1892, she and the child disappeared.

Holmes Says the Police Are "Off."

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—H. H. Holmes was visited in his cell by his counsel, William A. Shoemaker. For two hours or more Holmes spoke freely of the bones and other fragments of human anatomy found in his "Castle" in Chicago. After the interview Shoemaker told an Associated Press reporter the substance of his client's statements. He said the bones were not those of any of the persons he has been accused of killing. He had been engaged in many insurance swindles, he said, and one of these the insurance companies "got onto." The police were "away off."

Explains About the Bodies.

His plan was to procure bodies from graveyards which were to be passed off as the bodies of the insured persons. One of these schemes required the bodies of a man, a woman, and a boy. He got them and had them embalmed, put them in trunks, and stored them in a warehouse. Before he could use them the warehouseman notified him that the trunks must be taken away or he would sell them. Holmes took them away and buried them in separate places. Said he: "Where they are the police must find out."

CHICAGO, July 26.—More proof has been found that Mrs. Julia L. Conner is dead and that she was made way with by H. H. Holmes. As late as November, 1893, Holmes, as shown by letters which have been found, was writing her parents as to her whereabouts and stating that she had gone to St. Louis. But on June 5, 1893, he wrote to her brother-in-law, Ira Yantis, at Waukesha, Wis., giving him a fictitious address as to her whereabouts. In digging at the "castle" the shoulder blade of an adult human being has been found, and a socket bone, supposed to be that of a child.

Two well dressed women have called on the chief of police and told him that a 16-year-old girl, daughter of wealthy and respectable parents, became acquainted with Holmes during the fall of 1893 and afterwards disappeared. This makes the seventh woman, as follows: Kitty Kelley, a stenographer who worked for Holmes; Minnie and Annie Williams, Alice Pitzel, Julia Conner and daughter and the girl just heard of. Conner, the divorced husband of Julia Conner, is here.

CHICAGO, July 27.—Mrs. Patrick Quinlan has lost her defiant spirit in the police inquisition. Two days of "sweatbox" experience proved more than she could bear with equanimity, and she told the police things which before had not been acknowledged. It resulted in making the police more than ever suspicious of her husband and the part he took in Holmes' mysterious business. Chief of Police Badenoch last night said: "The evidence secured from Mrs. Quinlan is highly important. She confessed to abetting Holmes in insurance swindles, and that is a step in the right direction. Patrick Quinlan up to this hour firmly protests that he was mere a hirling and did not know of Holmes' affairs at all.

"Mrs. Quinlan's evidence was that after Mrs. Conner disappeared it became necessary for Holmes to produce her to collect some insurance. Mrs. Quinlan consented to act in her place. She went to the insurance office and swore she was Mrs. Conner and signed that name. I think she was wanted in the collection of fire insurance that was secured by fraud. This opens the way to other deals, which it is necessary to know to fasten the guilt of many of the supposed murders." Mrs. Quinlan is locked up in a cell at the Harrison street station.

According to the statements of Jonathan L. Belknap it was Christmas night four years and six months ago that Mrs. Julia L. Conner was killed. He believes she was asphyxiated in her room while she slept. Her room was a small one adjoining the dark bath room in the "Castle." When all was still in the house Holmes switched on the gas. When the deed was accomplished Holmes stealthily admitted himself through the secret door of the bathroom. He lifted the inanimate form of Mrs. Conner from the bed and carried it to the bath room.

Then placing the body in the bathtub he proceeded to cut it to pieces and fed them to a hot fire in the stove. When all was done he took the ashes and parts that had not been entirely burned and buried them in a mass of quicklime in the cellar. Colonel Belknap is the uncle of the father of the Wilmette wife of Holmes. He says he and his wife spent Christmas with Holmes, and he helped Holmes to carry the now famous stove through a secret trapdoor into the bathroom adjoining Mrs. Conner's room. That night, he claims, Mrs. Conner disappeared.

According to the reports up to date there are ten persons on Holmes' death list now, six of whom are women, two girls, one man and a boy, as follows: B. F. Pitzel, Howard Pitzel (boy), Ida and Alice Pitzel (girls), Minnie and Annie Williams, Emily Cigrande, Mrs. Conner and her daughter Gertrude.

CHICAGO, July 29.—Yesterday's developments in the Holmes investigation closed the nets till tighter around Pat Quinlan, and added more proof to that already obtained that he was an accomplice and fully cognizant of most if not all his deeds. The police gave out the name of Edward Chappell as a man who not only had articulated skeletons for Holmes, but also did much of the work of constructing the mysterious tanks for acid and lime in the basement of the "Castle." The further the police get into the matter the more striking the fact seems that all the elaborate plans were part of a skillfully concocted scheme for murder. It is thought that the proof now in hand is such that the Quinlans can be arraigned for murder. More developments are coming to the front every few hours.

Inspector Fitzpatrick was put into possession of facts which weave a closer web of proof around Holmes, and add another victim to the already long list. This information was furnished by Attorney George B. Chamberlain, general manager of the Lafayette Mercantile Agency. This murder is shown to have been prior to or during 1891. B. F. Pitzel, who later fell a victim, was a participant in the murder of this man, and Chamberlain says he was equally guilty with Holmes. The crime was committed in Chicago either in 1891 or early in 1892. Again the victim was traced to the Holmes building in Englewood.

The police do not think this body has been found. The skeletons that were articulated were furnished a year and two years later. It is the belief that the body was dissected and cremated, or buried deep in quicklime in the basement. The name of this victim is kept from the public to allow the police to work up further evidence. It is believed that this was the first victim of Holmes. The police have found a woman's footprint in a "blind" vault in the "Castle" and conclude from this that a woman was killed there. Another alleged victim of Holmes is a Mrs. Lee, who disappeared during the World's fair.

Still another alleged victim is Emily Van Tassel, who is another missing girl. She was about 16 years old. At Toronto it is said that the evidence that Holmes murdered Alice and Nellie Pitzel is conclusive.

On the other hand a local newspaper is in receipt of an anonymous letter which says Minnie Williams, Mrs. Conner, an unknown man and a little boy are living on Wabash avenue, somewhere between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, in this city. The writer says he is a friend of Holmes and he knew Minnie Williams and Mrs. Conner well. He claims that he met them last week. He also says Holmes will be able to produce Annie Williams at the proper time.

Another local paper says the physicians have examined the bones found in the "Castle" basement and pronounce them "soup bones." Some hair about a foot long was found matted together with what appears to be blood, but it may be mud. Another friend of Holmes' named Mischoff has written to Philadelphia say he has just returned from Europe and is sure Holmes wasn't in Toronto at the time of the alleged murder of the Pitzel children.

A telegram from Anderson, Ind., the home of Emeline Cigrande, says that in an interview her father, referring to a letter from Holmes to him stating that his daughter had gone to Michigan and been married to a man named Phelps, that the fact that they were to have gone to Michigan to be married and no point given by them is conclusive that Holmes made sure of erasing every clue. Even though she was married it would be impossible to find her marriage record.

From the descriptions she gave in her letters, and to her sister when the latter was in Chicago on a ten-days visit, he is quite certain that Phelps was Pitzel. She never spoke of aman by the name of Pitzel either. Another thing that adds greatly to his discomfiture and makes him believe that his daughter has been dealt foully with is the fact that although Miss Phoebe Cigrand was in hicago visiting her sister ten days, less than a month before Phelps was to marry her, he never showed up.

A close inspection of letters shows that one signed Emeline and supposed to be from her three weeks after her marriage, is not her writing on the typewriter. It was done by some one that was by no means an expert and there are traces everywhere that indicate that it was not the work of a proficient typewriter.

A lock of her hair has been found. It was taken from her head in 1892 and is a foot long, brown and very fine. It corresponds with some of the hair found in the cellar.

CHICAGO, July 30.—Chappell, the machinist who says that he articulated skeletons of three supposed victims of H. H. Holmes, told the police that Holmes had two vats in the cellar of the "castle." One, he said was in the southeast corner and the other in the southwest corner of the rear cellar. One of the vats, according to Chappell's statement, was used as a vessel in which the flesh was eaten from the bones by the use of acids; the other for the purpose of bleaching the bones.

Twelve laborers worked all day digging out the two corners designated by Chappell, and were about to give up the search as unsuccessful when one of the men at work on the southeast corner struck his spake against something which gave forth a metallic sound. The metal object proved to be a huge tank in the shape of a boiler. Work for the night was stopped before the tank was fully uncovered, but apparently it is eight feet long and three feet in diameter.

PLAYING IT PRETTY SHARPLY.

The Way the Rowe Brothers Expect to Keep Their Iowa Boodle.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 27.—It is discovered that one of the Rowe brothers, who are wanted for embezzlement in Iowa, rented a box in the safe deposit vault of the Banco International. The employes of the vault saw him visit his box frequently and take or deposit money. When the brothers were arrested the bank received an order not to allow this box to be opened on any account until definite instructions were given by the government. The brother who hired the box is Richard Rowe, who is not naturalized. He claims that the money is his own, and that his brother Chester who is charged with being a defaulter from the state of Iowa, has nothing to do with it.

LONG TALK IS ENDED.

Close of the Harvey-Horr Silver Debate at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 30.—The last day of the Harvey-Horr silver siege was directed at the question of the feasibility of independent action by the United States for the remonetization of silver, and its free and unlimited coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one with gold, Harvey arguing for such action, Horr against it. Harvey presented tables showing the coinage of gold and silver from 1792 to 1873. He did did this to show that the statement that gold did not seek the mints for the first fifty years of the nation, and that silver did not from that time till 1873 was untrue. Harvey then quoted from his book the total amount of gold and silver in the world and the cubic spaces they would respectively occupy. He went on arguing that there was not enough gold in the world for coinage uses, in view of the fact that the amount diverted from coinage for use in the arts has greatly increased in the past few years.

Horr declared that it was useless to try to fix the relative value of any two substances by legislation. Suppose congress should try to fix the relative value of a bushel wheat and a bushel of oats. As soon as one of them had a large crop up would go the ratio, and legislation by the nations of the whole world would not maintain the ratio any more than it would make water run up a hill. In the matter of the ratio between silver and gold it was the same. The law of supply and demand stepped in there, and the history of the world's legislation showed that it was impossible to maintain a fixed ratio between the precious metals.

SENSATIONAL COUNCIL CITY SCENE.

Six Members Arrested for Refusing to Obey an Official Call.

TOLEDO, O., July 30.—A sensational scene was enacted in the council chamber last evening by the arrest of six Democratic members who refused to obey the mayor's official call for a joint session of the council and aldermen. The session was called to confirm the appointment of Judge Commager to the bi-partisan board of elections. The confirmation had been rejected by the joint session of a week ago, the Democrats exerting influence over the balance of the body in claiming that Commager had been a traitor to his party.

His appointment was therefore not confirmed. The mayor issued a call for a joint session to take action again on the appointment, and the Democrats, after answering to their names at roll-call, abruptly left the council chamber and refused to return. The city solicitor drew up a state warrant for their arrest, which was signed by the president of the aldermanic board and given to the sergeant-at-arms to serve. The Democrats were locked in an adjoining room and refused to open the door, and only on the threat of calling in the police did they consent to allow the sergeant to enter.

After he had read the warrant they resisted and refused to leave the room and a call was sent to the central station for a detail of police, but before they arrived the fighters weakened and returned to the chamber under arrest, where they voted against the confirmation. More trouble is expected from the affair and they threaten to enjoin Commager from taking his seat on the board of elections.

LATEST OF CHEROKEE BILL.

While in Jail He Gets Hold of a Revolver and Murders a Turnkey.

FORT SMITH, Ark., July 27.—Cherokee Bill got his hands on another revolver yesterday and used it in an attempt to liberate the prisoners confined in murderers' row of the United States jail. His attempt resulted in the death of Larry Keating, the oldest guard of the force. On account of the hot weather the prisoners are allowed to remain in the corridors until nearly 7 p. m. After the prisoners had retired to their cells Turnkey Eoff went in to lock the cells, while Turnkey McConnell remained at the door.

When Eoff reached the cell next to Cherokee Bill's he found the keyhole plugged, and while he was trying to clean it out Cherokee Bill came to the door and fired, shooting Keating fatally through the stomach. McConnell, Parker and several deputy marshals ran in and opened fire on Cherokee Bill whenever he tried to leave his cell. His ammunition was nearly exhausted and he agreed to surrender his pistol to Henry Starr, which was done.

The pistol with which he did the deed was a new pearl-handled, 44-calibre. How he got it is a mystery, but Josie Brown, his sister, who has been here several days and visited him twice, has been arrested for it, and is now in the county jail.

Prohibitionists Discuss Money.

DECATUR, Ills., July 29. — Currency was the question discussed in national Prohibition camp meeting. "Is bimetallism practicable" was a debate by A. Tuttle, of Decatur, and M. L. Daggy, of Greencastle, Ind. "Free Silver" was spoken for by Robert Hunt, of Decatur, and against by Claud Hall, of Eureaka. Helen M. Gougar spoke on bimetallism.

DECATUR, July 30.—"Equal Suffrage," was general topic at National Prohibition campmeeting. Mrs. Mary L. Haworth, of the Decatur schoolboard, made the opening address. Mrs. Eva M. Smith, of Springfied, responded. Speeches were made by Mrs. S. A. Underwood, of Decatur; C. Arnold, of Boston, and Mrs. Mary Hansel of Springfield. Helen M. Gougar spoke on the constitutional rights of women."

A Strike If They Don't Agree.

MASSILLON, O., July 29.—M. D. Ratchford, president of the Ohio miners' organization, has arrived home from Sunday Creek. He says that if the western Pennsylvania operators fail to accede to the miners' demands for 69 cents with company stores or 65 cents without, the Ohio miners will be called out.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JOSEPH H. GARNEAU, pioneer cracker manufacturer, at St. Louis.

ROBERT BRUCE LANGDON, well-known contractor, at Minneapolis.

Judge GEORGE F. BLANKE, of the superior court, at Chicago.

PETER FREDERICK ROTHERMEL, well-known artist, at Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, at Brooklyn.

Dr. J. WESTLEY ALLEN, prominent physician of Altoona, Pa.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 25.—The senate refused to suspend the rules and pass the Hogan arbitration bill. Bills were introduced to tax gas and electric light plants 3 per cent. on their gross earnings, 2 per cent. to be used to create a fund to build municipal plants; to tax telephones $2 each instrument; to tax life insurance companies 2 per cent. on their premiums. In the house a bill was introduced making it embezzlement punishable with not longer than ten years in the penitentiary for a public officer to take for his own use the interest on public funds in his care. The revenue bills were then discussed for a time, and no action taken.

SPRINGFIELD, July 26.—An attempt in the senate to pass a resolution to consider all the subjects in the governor's call was defeated and the resolution went over. The labor arbitration bill was sent to third reading after amendment. The bill to provide $600,000 additional revenue a year was advanced to third reading, as was the bill to tax express companies. In the house a bill to tax owners of race tracks and permitting and regulating pool selling and racing was introduced, and a petition from Chicago citizens asking its passage was read. The revenue bill was considered and amended, and a bill taxing base ball games and prohibiting Sunday playing introduced.

SPRINGFIELD, July 27.—The senate was in session just ten minutes and a bare quorum of senators was present. Hogan's house arbitration bill, with committee amendments, was read, amendments adopted, and the bill advanced to third reading. The house in committee of the whole considered the revenue bill, which was amended, reported to the house and ordered printed. Both houses adjourned to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, July 30.—At last evening's session of the house and senate the attendance was slim. A few bills were introduced and both houses adjourned.

State Committees of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, July 27.—The Republican state central committee has been called to meet in Springfield July 30, and it is announced authoritatively that the Democratic committee will be called for Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. The Republican call says the meeting is to take action on the death of Representative Remann, and to take appropriate action on other matters of moment which will be brought to its attention. It is rumored that among the "other matters of moment" to be brought to the attention of the committee is the rumored boodling in the legislature.

Whitecaps Threaten a Minister.

LACON, Ills., July 30.—The Rev. Mr. Lappin, pastor of the Christian church at Washburn, is a young man of progressive ideas and modern religious views. The older members of the church have repeatedly asked him to resign and for weeks the trouble has brewed until it is now in a ferment. From the pulpit the Rev. Mr. Lappin read an anonymous letter signed by whitecaps commanding him to leave town under pain of personal injury. It caused a decided sensation and will be investigated.

Alleged Burglars Convicted.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 30.—A State Register special says that J. S. Sullivan, Michael Lawrence and William Morrow, the three men arrested some time ago in Taylorsville with burglar's tools in their possession, were convicted at Cambridge, Henry county, of robbing the bank at Orion, last spring, of $3,000. Sullivan was sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary and Lawrence and Morrow fifteen years each.

Knocked Off and Drowned.

OTTAWA, Ills., July 30.—While asleep on the deck of an excursion steamer on the way back from Starved Rock, Henry Roak, of Seneca, owner of Roak's hall, was thrown over the side by a sudden lurch of the boat and drawn under the bottom. He was drowned before his friends could rescue him. The accident took place a half mile west of Ottawa.

Fithian Given a State Office.

SPRINGFIELD, July 30.—Governor Altgeld has appointed ex-Congressman George A. Fithian, of Newton, member of the state railroad and warehouse commission, vice Colonel Charles F. Lape, removed on account of political reasons. The change is effective Aug. 1.

Notes of the State.

Rev. J. A. Edmonson, pastor of the M. E. church at Vermont, Ills., has publicly attacked freemasonry.

Lena Fylaager, a 19-year-old girl of Cass county, Neb., has gone insane owing to excitement over a bicycle tournament in which a boy friend competed and won a prize.

Simon McNulty will spend a year in the Illinois penitentiary for election frauds at Chicago, and Patrick Corcoran, James Burke, Dennis Moloney, William Heeland and Patrick Maley have to pay fines of from $100 to $2,000 for the same kind of wickedness, by the decision of Judge Brentano.

Sam Woolner, Jr., the Peoria, distiller, charges that members of the Illinois legislature tried to extort a $3,000 bribe from Peoria and Pekin distillers.

Four Children Burned to Death.

BIG STONE GAP, Va., July 29.—John Hick's house burned, four of his children were burned to death and his wife and one child were badly burned. The fire took place at night and was not discovered until it was too late to do more than save the parents and one child on the lower floor.

Was Lively While It Lasted.

OSKALOOSA, Ia., July 30.—Nute Jones (colored), Kirkman White and two others went into an outside saloon east of town and opened a row with the keeper, named Eichel. In the round-up Jones was killed, Kirkman wounded and Eichel shot himself through the right foot.

Bank Closed at Denver.

DENVER, July 30.—The Union National bank, of which R. W. Woodbury is president, has been closed. It will liquidate its debts and go out of business. No depositor will lose anything. Poor business is the cause of the move.

AT JACKSON'S HOLE.

Latest News Indicates That the Settlers Are All Right.

MARKET LAKE, Ida., July 29.—The latest and most authentic reports indicate that the settlers in Jackson's Hole are unharmed, and that no massacre has taken place. Federal troops have gone into the Jackson's Hole country, but the probability is that when they reach the scene of the reported massacre they will find, instead of the smoking ruins of cabins and the mutilated corpses of settlers and their families, the same old camp of Jackson's Hole and a lot of healthy, husky settlers, who will perhaps be greatly surprised to learn of their reported death. In fact, there is now almost positive evidence that there has been no massacre.

The following tales have been afloat in the last couple of days: That fifty or more people were slaughtered by Indians three night ago; that sixteen families in the Jackson's Hole country were massacred; that the Lemhi Indians, 200 strong—that is, the young bucks—have already crossed the track at Beaver Canyon to join the Bannocks; that thirty-five Fort Hall Bannocks, with war paint and feathers flying, marched through the town of Idaho Falls, a few miles to the south of Market Lake, Thursday afternoon on their way to the Teton country; that all the passes into the "hostile" country are guarded by Indians and that that is the reason why no whites come out to give reliable news.

The story of the fifty whites killed in the Jackson's Hole country comes to Market Lake third or fourth handed without names or any other information than is borne in the bare statement given. The same is true of the "sixteen families" story. All told, there are not 500 Indians on the Lemhi reservation when all are at home, so it is impossible for the number of bucks quoted to have left the agency for the excited country. The thirty-five Fort Hall Bannocks, who in war array marched through Idaho Falls, were five Bannocks traveling on passes given by Agent Teter.

Indian Agent Teter in his report to the Indian commission of his investigations of the Jackson Hole trouble says: "From reliable information I have no hesitation in saying that for every elk killed unlawfully by the Indians two are killed unlawfully by the settlers. The majority of the citizens of Jackson's Hole are men who have left their country for their country's good. The Indians killed by these settlers were practically massacred. The men who committed the crime should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. A certain element among the settlers in the Jackson Hole country seems determined to drive the Indians from that country at whatever cost, not recognising any law themselves but that which serves their interest."

NEW YORK TAILORS ON STRIKE.

Will Result in the Idleness of About 17,000 of Both Sexes.

NEW YORK, July 29.—The Hebrew clothing makers of this city, yesterday, for the first time, observed the American Sunday. They were on a strike. Trouble has been brewing between the tailors and the contractors for some time and it has culminated in a general strike of the workers. It is claimed by the strikers that 16,000 workers have responded to the call of the United Brotherhood of tailors and that not only this city, but Brooklyn, Newark and Brownsville, are affected. The number out in this city is estimated at 9,000.

Meyer Schoenfield, the official organizer of the United Garment Workers of America, in a statement declares that the strike is purely a defensive one. The present agreement, he says, which gives them sixty hours' work in six days and a fair scale of wages, will expire Sept. 15, and it has been learned that the contractors will refuse to renew the agreement. The total number of men involved is 12,000, and a strike of those makes 5,000 girls and women also idle.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 29.

Money on call easy nominally at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 490@490¼ for demand and 488@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates 489½@490 and 490½@491; commercial bills, 485¼@488¾.

Silver certificates 66¼@66¾; no sales; bar silver, 66. Mexican dollars, 50¼.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 122½; do coupons, 123½; 5's reg., 115¼; 5 coupons, 116½; 6's reg., 113; 4's coupons, 112; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 29.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 71c, closed 71¾c; September, opened 71¾c, closed 72¾c; December, opened 73½c, closed 74¼c. Corn — July nominal, closed 43¼c; September, opened 43c, closed 43½c; December, opened 35¼c, closed 35¼c; May, opened 39¾c, closed 39¾c. Oats — July, opened 23¾c, closed 23¼c; September, opened 23¾c, closed 22¾c; May, opened 25¾c, closed 26¼c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $10.75¼; September, opened $10.65, closed $10.82½; January, opened $10.70, closed $10.80. Lard —July, nominal; closed, $6.30.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17½c per lb; extra dairy, 14@15c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs — Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 13@18c per lb; hens, 9c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 8c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, $1.40@1.60 per bu. Blackberries, Michigan, $1.25@1.50 per 16-qt case; raspberries, black, $1.25@1.35 per 24-pt case; red, $1.00@1.50 per 24-pt case. New apples —75c@1.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c; brown comb-10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 29.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 14,000; sales ranged at $4.75@4.90) pigs, $4.81@5.30 light, $4.60@4.80 rough packing, $4.75@5.20 mixed, and $4.8 @5.20 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $5.60@5.90 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.25 good to choice do, $4.25@4.65 fair to good, $3.30@4.00 common to medium do, $1.40@3.75 butchers steers, $2.60@3.05 stockers, $3.20@3.80 feeders, $1.70@2.70 cows, $2.30@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.80 bulls, $2.60@4.35 Texas steers, $2.50@3.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.75 westerns, $2.00@3.65 Texans, $1.75@4.65 natives, and $2.75 @5.90 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, July 27.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 72¾c; No. 1 northern, 76c; September, 74¾c. Corn—No. 3, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, 26¾c; No. 3 white, 26½c. Barley—Nominal; No. 2, 46c; samples on track, 42c. Rye—No. 1, 55c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 24.

Railroad men estimate tourist travel this year at 50 per cent above last year.

P. C. Brooks, an American steamship company clerk at Livingston, Guatemala, was murdered and his vault robbed.

Chicago's new Democratic daily, The Chronicle, has entered into a ninety year contract with the Associated Press.

It is officially announced that the union carpenters of Boston will demand, on and after September 1, eight hours as a limit of a day's work, and an increase of five cents an hour in wage rates. The present rate is thirty cents an hour.

The British schooner Eagle collided with the Norwegian steamer Terrier, off Demerara, and the Eagle was sunk, drowning two women, two men and one child, all passengers. Twenty-four passengers were saved.

Tangiers is besieged with rebellious Bedouin troops.

State Auditor Gore says that the regular session of the Illinois legislature cost the people $374,372.

Dr. Samuel L. Butler, a prominent dentist of Louisville, committed suicide while on a spree. He was very wealthy.

Thursday, July 25.

The Milwaukee and Lake Winnebago has added $1,250,000 to its capital stock and will build from Neenah to Manitowoc, Wis.

A receiver for the New York, Lake Erie and Western has been asked at Cleveland by the Farmers' Loan and Trust company.

The latest things found in the Holmes house at Chicago are eighteen human ribs and some human vertebræ, so it is said.

George Reed, painter, 35 years of age, shot and killed his wife at St. Louis, as the result of jealous rage. The murderer was arrested.

Frank Klein has been held at Milwaukee for manslaughter for killing Louis Schmidt, who died from injuries received in a prize fight.

An Indiana editor has received a rattlesnake with ten rattles as payment for one year's subscription to his paper.

Friday, July 26.

C. E. Schaff, assistant general manager of the "Big Four," has been appointed general manager of the Louisville and Jeffersonville Bridge company.

Captain Charles E. Weeks, the best known whaler on the Pacific coast, died on Herschel island.

China has failed in a pledge to prevent disturbances in Formosa. Japs are patrolling Seoul and United States Minister Sill has recalled the marines recently dismissed from the legation.

The County Judge Raymond, of Iroquois county, Ills., was made defendant in a $10,000 suit for damages brought by Edson Cross, of Old Town, who claims that the judge permitted irregularities in a case in which Cross was defendant.

Lizzie, May, and Hulda Claus, aged respectively 12, 10, and 7 years, daughters of Charles Claus, of Columbus, Neb., were drowned while bathing in the Platte river.

Powerful, the English cruiser, sister ship to the Terrible, was launched at Barrow. She is larger than any cruiser yet built by the nation.

Saturday, July 27.

William Willis, the White House coachman, has been stricken with paralysis.

The five largest locomotive tire manufacturers of the United States are about to consolidate.

Complaints are made that shots from the proving ground at Sandy Hook are fired carelessly in close proximity to passing steamers.

Owing to strikes only one mine in the entire Marquette range of Michigan is in operation.

M. Starr Colgate, whose wife has sued for divorce on the ground of abandonment has retired from the Wall street brokerage firm of Nesslage, Colgate & Co.

John Spelling, a hard character of Hoboken, N. Y., was killed by the police while resisting arrest.

Charles Herron, traveling salesman for Morgan, Jones & Co., coal dealers, Toledo, is missing. The firm is $3,000 out and local creditors mourn.

Annie Haney is insane at South Charleston, O., as the result of a discovery that her marriage to Albert Payne, a farmer, was a mock ceremony.

Monday, July 29.

At Maderia, Cala., a mob took Victor Adams from his captors and hanged him. He had killed a justice of the peace named Boker.

John Kiernan, of Celina, O., aged 18, accidentally shot and killed his brother Harry, aged 13. The boys were hunting squirrels.

General Harrison made a speech at a flagpole raising at Old Forge in the Adirondacks. It was simply a patriotic address in eulogy of "old glory" and gave the newspaper men no political "pointers."

Senator Harris' private secretary, Milliken, who invaded the bedroom of one of Solicitor General Phillips' daughters at Washington on the night of July 4, has been arrested at La Grange, Tenn., on an indictment for his "indiscretion." He was bailed in $5,000.

A mail car on the Lake Shore at Rockport, O., was burned, with all the mail, coming west.

One hundred and fifty men working in the sawmill at Iron River, Wis., went on a strike for an advance in wages from $1.25 to $1.50 per day.

A Stitch in Time

Saves nine, says the old proverb. Mr. J. F. Wassel, printer Dwight, Ill., says: "I neglected what seemed a slight ailment until I became so broken down from rheumatism that I had to give up my work and became an invalid. I yielded to my wife's proposition to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used 2 bottles, have entirely recovered strength and enjoy life like new men. My wife says

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Did it and insisted on my writing this."

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. 25c. per box.

THE PARROT.

The deep affections of the breast
That heaven to living things imparts
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits and skies and sun
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech:
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down and died.

—T. Campbell in American Woman's Journal.

KATIE.

There are few more cheerful places on a cold winter night than a smithy, with its roaring fire. The ruddy glow and sparkle of light, the interested faces of the village loungers, the roar of the bellows and the cheerful ring of the smith's hammer on the anvil all combine to make up a comfortable rural picture of light and warmth.

The smithy at Godscroft on a cold December evening was no exception to this rule. It was warm and bright and filled to overflowing with village gossips, met to talk over the events of the day. The group of men collected round the fire was just such a group as may be found round any smithy fire in the country—hard headed, hard featured, hard fisted, shrewd, sensible men, keen politicians learned in polemical controversy, fond of argument on most subjects and able to take an intelligent although often prejudiced interest in almost all the leading topics of the day.

Such were the loungers collected round the smithy fire at Godscroft listening eagerly to a man who was in many respects dissimilar to them. There were about him an easy breadth, a freedom, an expansiveness of gesture and manner which suggested colonial life. He had an air as if the village street was scarcely wide enough for his swinging stride, as if he felt the little world of the smithy, the arena of the intellectual heroes of Godscroft, narrow and circumscribed. He was good looking, with sun browned complexion and dark eyes with a merry twinkle in them, while a strong, squarely cut chin and jaw gave character to a face that would otherwise have been only weakly good natured. A large, wiry haired dog of a mongrel and nondescript type lay at his feet and formed the theme of conversation.

"It's a bonny dog o' its kind, and a guid dog, I'se warrant, but I will never allow that it's a collie," said one speaker.

"Did I ever say that it was? It has nothing of the collie about it, although it has more than a collie's intelligence."

"It's a dour looking beast," said another. "It reminds me of a wolf I once saw in Wombwell's menagerie that came round this countryside four years ago some Lammas. Ye'll mind it, Geordie?"

"You're none so handsome yourself, Jock," said the stranger, "that you should object to the want of beauty in others. Did you never hear tell of the old proverb, 'Handsome is as handsome does?' Bill, here, is better than he is bonny, and that he has proved."

"Tell us all about it. It's just grand to hear ye telling these outlandish stories," said one of the bystanders.

"It would be away out there in Australia, I'se warrant," said another.

"Yes, boys, it was," said the tall, bronzed, bearded man who owned Bill, and he tossed back his hair and gave his forehead a rub, as if to quicken the bump of memory, and straightaway began.

"You want Bill's story, mates. Well, here it is. Some of you here, I don't doubt, will remember that when the old man died in the hard winter of '70, I left the old country, that was pretty well used up for me, to try my luck in the Australian goldfields, where they used to tell us down here that the gold might be got for the mere trouble of lifting it up. What I got, and that was never very much, took a precious deal of hard work, I can tell you, and what with one thing and another, I tired of it and went up the country to a big squatter, a kenned man and kindly, for he was one of Hunter of Godscroft's sons, and hired myself to be one of his shepherds. I had a good berth with him, nothing to complain of, either in the way of work or meat or wages, but it was an out station, and it was terribly lonesome. I missed my mother, poor old body, more than I can tell you. Many a time it would have done my heart good just to have heard the click of her knitting needles or seen the whisk of the skirts of her old black gown, and sometimes I laughed and sometimes I almost shed tears when I thought how it would have amused her to have seen me with my sleeves turned up kneading damper or toasting a bit of mutton at the smoky fire.

"However, it was better, as I often said to myself, to be alone than tethered to a bad neighbor, and my sheep kept me in so much work that I had very little time for thinking. Every now and again they would take a wandering fit, and I would get up some fine morning and find the half of the hirsel gone, and nothing for it but to scour the country far and near till I came upon the track of them. I have seen me side 50 miles before I came upon them."

"Eh, man, but you would be fearsome when you did?" said an old school fellow appreciatively.

The big Australian withered him with a look and went calmly on.

"I was out one day after a lot of these long legged wooly trespassers, that were as swift as a deer and as cunning as the oldest fox in your spinneys here, and I had not seen as much as a print of one of their feet. I had been riding since the morning broke, and I was spent with hunger and fatigue, when the night came down upon me pitch dark, not a star visible—a deep Egyptian darkness that could almost be felt. I could not so much as see my hand when I held it up before me."

"Ye were aye a baul billy," said another retrospective schoolfellow, "but that would daunton ye. What did ye do?"

"What could I do? To turn back was more dangerous than to go forward. I let my horse solve the difficulty. He seemed to see what was before him. I could not, and we went on and on and on till I saw a shimmering gleam flash through the mirk darkness of the night and heard the rush of water. It was a creek, as we call them in those parts, and as the horse made no pause I rode boldly on, and, by God's mercy rather than my good guidance, we stumbled on a place that was fordable and got safely to the other side. The steep bank was overgrown with bush, as I could see by a glint of moonlight that flashed out all of a sudden, and I was just taking a look round to see if I could make out where I was, when my ears were pierced by the most awful cry I think I ever heard. It was so loud, and so shrill, and so full of pain, that it fairly made my blood run cold. I leaped out of the saddle in sheer fright and looked around me like a man bewildered. The wide, bare pastures and scrubby bush around me were void of any human habitation, and yet it was like the cry of some poor human creature in the extremity of distress. It was so ghastly, so unearthly, that the horse I was riding, although he was a steady old brute, shied and swerved sharply round. He was in such a panic that I could not help remembering mother's old world stories about ghosts, although I tried to tell myself that there was no such thing. However, ghost or no ghost, I was bound to go on, so I set a stout heart to a stey brae, and when I found that I could not force the terrified brute up the bank I dismounted and tied him to a young gum tree.

"I had scarcely set my face to the bank again when the same cry sounded out once more. I tell you, mates, it made the blood run cold round my heart, it was so shrilly wild, so unearthly, so despairing, and, to make it worse, the black night came down on me again mirk and heavy like the blackness of the parish morteloth I used to wonder at when I was a boy. I had not the least idea in what direction to turn and was standing irresolute when I heard the cry again, and it sounded nearer and was so distinct that I thought I could go straight to the very spot it came from. The bank was so steep that I had to scramble up on my hands and knees, often slipping back and stopping to listen, but I could hear nothing except the soft, gurgling plash of the water down beneath me. I was not sure which way to turn when I heard the cry again right out of the scrub before me. I was in the right direction, that was one good thing, but I will never deny that I was frightened a bit, it was such a terrible cry and the spot was so lonely. I had that spirit in me, though, that would not go back, and I crept forward on my hands and knees toward the top of the bank, which was covered with a close, low bush. It was a bit of a climb, and I had stopped a minute to get my breath when I thought I heard a low moaning noise close to me. I gripped my revolver, but it was of little use in the darkness, so I took out instead a big bowie knife I always carried and held it ready in my hand. The next moment there was a sort of hurtling rush through the air above me and something leaped right down upon my shoulder. I gave a yell and then another, and then away down the bank we rolled, riving and tearing at each other in an agony of mortal fright. As soon as I could get my right hand free I gave a desperate thrust with the knife, and with a yell of rage and pain the creature dropped off from me, and I heard the thud of its fall on some projecting rock or bush that had caught it in its descent.

"I was more frightened than hurt and soon scrambled to my feet. As a smoker is never without matches, I soon had a light, with which I groped my way down to where the creature lay, and what do you think I found?"

"A teeger maybe," said another old school fellow.

"Ye silly gowk, there are no tigers in Australia. I found Bill; but, my word, he was not the comfortable, well fed beast he is today. I don't think I ever saw such a dog as he looked then either before or since. He was a gaunt, starved skeleton, bleeding slowly from a wound in the side, which he had got in the struggle with me. He made no attempt to escape, but lifted his head and gave me a look so pathetic, so almost human in its mute, reproachful appeal for help, that it fairly went to my heart. I spoke gently to him, and he looked up at me as if he would fain have spoken and told me his story. He let me stanch the blood that was trickling from his side, and I bound up the wound as well as I could. He then staggered to his feet and whined and caught my sleeve with his teeth, and showed me as plainly as if he had spoken that he wanted me to follow him.

"I took up the lantern and he wagged his tail and licked my hand, and we scrambled up the bank together, and then always whining and looking back he led the way into the bush. The brushwood was so thick and dense that I was almost beat. I could scarcely force my way through, but whenever I stopped to get a mouthful of breath he whined and fawned on me, and pulled at my sleeve, and showed such an agony of distress that I could not but pity the poor dumb beast and make all the haste I could to follow. By this time the day was beginning to break, and it was not so dark as it had been. He had led me to a sort of cave formed by a shelf of rock projecting from the bank, and there, wrapped in a tartan shawl, was a sight that brought my heart to my mouth. A girl, a bit lassie, so sorely wasted and spent that I lifted her up in my arms like a child and carried her out to the open. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed too far gone for speech, but there was life in her still, as I could see by the flickering of her eyelids when I stooped down to look at her.

"As for the dog, who had crawled after us, he looked up in my face with his pathetic eyes full of dumb prayer for help and then, for he was fairly beat and could not, I believe, have dragged his trembling limbs another step, he stretched himself out on the grass beside her and licked her little wasted hand. I was in such a state of excitement myself that I fairly trembled. I scarcely knew what to do, but I got some water and laved her face and moistened her lips and when she had swallowed a few drops she came round so far that she could utter a word or two in a faint whisper.

"Thus bit by bit, I got her story. She and her father had been on their way home from the goldfields, and he had a considerable sum of money on him, how much she scarcely knew, and it made little matter, for it was all gone. In a darksome gully on the road he had been set upon and robbed and murdered, and she had fled to the bush like a distracted creature and wandered about day and night till Bill had come back to her, and she had followed him to this cave, where she had lived for some weeks on such berries and roots as she could find. She was afraid to leave its poor shelter, for she had lost her way completely and was thoroughly bewildered, and so when the supplies of roots and berries, never very plentiful in an Australian bush, began to run short she gave herself up for lost and lay down in despair to die.

"Poor thing! My heart was in my mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard as she was, it was easy to see that she had been a bonnie lassie, and her voice was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from paradise. 'You must not speak of dying,' I said, 'you that have all your life before you and can scarcely tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to live.'

"'I have no desire to live longer,' she said. 'I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone,' and she closed her eyes and shuddered.

"She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my lonely ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard, but although she was so gentle and sweet she quite knocked all the conceit out of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble: 'No, no. You must not talk of dying.'

"When she revived a little, I carried her down to the place where I had left my horse, and by his aid had got her home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea, and when she came around a little a mouthful of damper. It was a poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured, and I expected nothing but what it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door, and the fresh air helped to strengthen her, and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself in a sorrowful, heartbroken way that saddened me to hear, but was better for herself maybe than the silent despair in which she had been since the day I found her.

"As for Bill here, he had got better long before she was able to move about, and although he always took charge of her he showed a great affection for me and liked nothing better than to follow me about.

"I could make out nothing clearly about Katie—for that she told me was her name—except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead, and that she and her father had always been all in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone. She was all that was left, and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that ever gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy bluebells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs. Her hair had the color and glint of burnished gold, and her cheeks began to show the loveliest color, like that of the sweet, fresh wild rose.

"I think I see her as if it were but yesterday, shaking back the curling hair from her brow and lifting her bonny bit face to mine and asking how she was to do this and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work, and I had to show her how the simplest things were done, but she was quick at the uptake and never needed to be told a thing twice, and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so her eyes would shine like gems and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me, but that, I told myself, was impossible.

"The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her or listening with the keenest delight to every word she uttered.

"She told me often about the books she had read, and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led—a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought it over. What was I that I should think of winning her love? I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched that I got sour and gruff and spoke sharply to the very creature I could have fallen down and worshiped. So from less to more she got to think that I was tired of her presence there, and one evening—how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine.

"'I must have been a great trouble to you,' she said quietly, 'and you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will put me on the right road tomorrow, I will go away with Bill and never trouble you any more.'

"'Where?' I almost shouted, clutching Bill's collar as I spoke.

"'To the city. It was there my father was going.'

"'Have you any friends there?'

"'No. I have no friends anywhere, but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope.'

"'Stay with me, Katie,' I cried in utter despair. 'I have not much to offer you, but I love you. You must have seen how I love you.'

"She did not answer me in words but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me.

"There was nothing to be gained by waiting. Handsome trousseaus are not easily come by out in the Australian bush. We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The very loneliness of our life made our happiness deeper. I think we were like Adam and Eve in paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring or the grass look so fresh and green, and my bonnie bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak forever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who love each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. Woe is me! We were driven too soon from its shelter.

"She was as merry as a linnet, as I said before, and her eyes glanced like diamonds, and her cheek bloomed like the red, red rose, but for all that the canker was at the root of my bonnie flower. She complained of no pain, and she seemed to grow bonnier every day. Yet she grew weaker also, and she knew it herself, but I struggled sore not to see it.

"'When I cannot stay any longer with you, John,' she said, 'promise to bury me beside my father.'

"For I had gone out to the bush and looked for the murdered man and found him lying where she had covered him up with leaves and moss. A ghastly object he was to look at, with his skull beaten in and his clothes all covered with clotted blood, and I had laid him in a decent grave and happit him up close and warm—for love of her, that was even then the very light of my eyes.

"'Don't speak in that way, Katie,' I cried. 'I cannot bear it. Oh, my lassie, you are better today! Tell me that you feel stronger!'

"'I think I do,' she answered, looking wistfully at me, but that very night, when we were sitting on a bench I had put up outside the door, she leaned her head against my shoulder, and I thought she was tired and was falling asleep, but after a few minutes she opened her eyes, and there was a solemn, faraway look in their blue deeps that fairly frightened me. 'John,' she whispered so low that I could just hear her by bending down my ear to her mouth, 'John, you have been a dear, good husband to me. Kiss me and hold me fast, for I feel as if I were slipping away.'

"Woe's me, how gladly would I have held her fast forever, but I could not. She was slipping away from me and from all things earthly. There was a flutter of her bonnie white eyelids, a long, long, gasping breath, and she was gone. Bill, there, is all that I have left of her, and, rough, mongrel tike as he is, the money is not coined that could buy him from me!"

He drew his large brown hand across his eyes. "It is years since now, and the world has used me not unkindly. I am a prosperous man, and my wife up there," and he pointed to the village inn behind him, "is a good woman and has made me an excellent wife, and we are happy enough. I have nothing to complain of, but, oh, I never lay my hand on Bill's rough head but I think of my lost love and the place where she lies by the side of her murdered father far out in the Australian bush!"—Chambers' Journal.

General Grant and the Circus Horse.

The following is an extract from a curious Japanese "Life of General Grant," portions of which are printed in The Century:

A year and a half later a circus rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Knen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Knen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind and went into the neighbor's house and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying: "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed Gurando Knen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but an inch long.

Jefferson's Tomb.

On the tomb of Jefferson, at Monticello, he is described as the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of religious freedom in Virginia and of the University of Virginia, but there is a significant omission of the fact that he was twice president of the United States.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 3, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New South."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

The terrible Liberal collapse in England demonstrates to the fullest possible extent that Ireland need entertain no hope of political relief from the good will of that selfish nation. The Tories are now soaringly in the ascendant, and, having an independent majority over all other parties, and the alliance of the Liberal-Unionists, can do for the next seven years about as they please with the destinies of the so-called "United" Kingdom. Scotland did not quite keep up her old standard of Liberalism. Wales, as usual, held her own; while Ireland, torn by discord and the criminal mutual jealousy of her present leaders, showed herself more than ever, except in the case of East Wicklow, where the Tory slipped in between opposing Nationalist factions, "the unconquerable rebel island." Out of her 103 representatives in the British parliament, she returned 83 Nationalists—71 McCarthyites and 12 Parnellites, against 20 Whigs and Tories, or in proportion of 4 to 1, with three to spare, in favor of a native government of some kind. There is no doubt about her sentiment, if she only had the means to enforce her rights. At present, she has not the means, and her friends throughout the world ought to see to it that she is placed in a position, should England get into serious trouble, to take advantage of the God sent opportunity.

The Irish leaders deserve the execration of all sensible men for keeping a people so faithful and devoted divided among themselves. The return of poor John Daly, against whom English detectives manufactured charges of a dynamite conspiracy, which consigned him to a dungeon,—the return, we say, of John Daly by Limerick City to parliament, was an act of splendid chivalry, and a stern rebuke to the Whig cowards. Morley and Asquith, who refused to strike off his chains.

Ireland's magnificent showing under circumstances the most distressing, perhaps, that ever confronted a people struggling to be free, has aroused the admiration of the *American* portion of the American press. We find in the Chicago *Times-Herald* of last Monday, a leading article which brims over with sympathy for the Irish cause, and from which we excerpt the following:

"During the last ten years the national spirit has been growing more sinewy in Ireland. It has become fashionable among the younger and more fortunate class of the men who remain in their native land to be Nationalists. The feud between Healy and Dillon has undoubtedly helped Redmond especially, as the stupid course of Blake, the Canadian, has aggravated those who might otherwise prefer to vote for McCarthy supporters. The people show no signs of demoralization under the prolonged stress of dissension in the ranks of the party managers. Indeed, their own conspicuous choice, a political prisoner, John Daly, indicates that they are more resolute than ever for recovery of their domestic legislature. They may not be able to accomplish anything this session, but time, which disintegrates majorities, and depression, which always brings reaction, are on their side.

"One would imagine by the exaggerated importance given by shallow or prejudiced commentators to disagreements among Irish politicians, that such things are unknown in other partisan organizations. The American Anglomaniac sees utter ruin in the Healy-Dillon quarrel, oblivious to the far more scandalous jealousies that beset politics in England and are not unknown in America.

"Because Balfour hates Chamberlain, and Harcourt Rosebery, it is not predicted that the British constitution is going to the bowwows: and, although Washington in his day was called traitor and thief, and Jefferson hated Hamilton, the republic of the United States managed to come down the ages with considerable stability. The trouble with these Anglomaniacs is that they are not sympathizers at heart with democracy. If Patrick Henry had to contend with such gentry they would have voted him to a gibbet for not being English in his sympathies, and the whole lot would have been sent to England by the American revolutionists as Tories.

"It is well to remember that we have had our own contentions to harmonize, our own despair at times to bear up under. It is well to remember also that we are Americans, not monarchists; and that the priceless liberties for which Americans fought a hundred and more years ago against the British crown, it ought to be deemed the rightful privilege of other oppressed subjects of the same monarchy to strive to wrest by what means may seem to them feasible."

The *Times-Herald* deserves the thanks of Irish-Americans, and of Americans in general, for its able analysis of factiousness, which, as it has shown, is not an Irish but a human disease, and should be judged from the common plane of human weakness. While ever the Whig party remained in power, there was little hope of England getting into trouble. In the matter of acquiring territory the British Whigs are miserable sneak-thieves, while the Tories are bold and brawny highway robbers, proud of their calling, and always willing, after they plunder their victim of his last copper, to give him back a dollar with which to buy a breakfast. The Whigs, once they get their hands on anybody's property, or money, never return a scrap or a cent, as Ireland, through the operation of their murderous "political economy," knows to her cost. The Tories hang but do not starve the people. The Whigs hang and starve them, too. These English parties, so far as Ireland is concerned, are emphatically the devil and the briny deep. But the Tories are likely to get into a big fight with some great power at any time, and Ireland then may have her innings.

JEALOUS OF IRISH SAINTS.

Mr. Arthur Preuss, in *The Review*, published in this city, had an article last week on "Germany's Debt to Ireland." Mr. Preuss calls the Irish statement that missionaries from Ireland first spread the light of Christianity in Germany an old legend, and gives the credit of the conversion of his forefathers to the Roman soldiery, stationed along the Rhine. They were followed, he says, by Roman and Franconian missionaries and by St. Boniface, who was by birth a Briton. "Many years," says Mr. Preuss, "before the Irish priest first set foot on German soil, the Christian faith was spread over South Germany, especially along the frontier." Then he proceeds thus:

"The first monks who came to Germany from the Green Isle were hermits rather than missionaries. It was not their purpose to preach the Gospel to the natives but to lead a life of solitude, prayer, and penitence in the Teutonic forests. They were pious monks; but the best hermit usually makes the worst apostle. So they buried themselves in the woods and had no thought of preaching, especially since they knew not the language of the country. Later on, some of them acquired a knowledge of the Germanic idiom and went forth among the people to preach Christ crucified. There is no doubt that such men, like St. Gall, St. Virgil, St. Fridolin, and a few others of the Irish race, converted a number of Germans. But they did not introduce the Faith in the Fatherland.

"That the Irish were not real missionaries appears from the fact that they refused to preach the Gospel to the heathen Anglo-Saxons. Northumberland was converted by missionaries from the Scottish monastery of Iona. St. Aidan, who had charge of the work, never learned the Anglo-Saxon tongue but preached in Irish as long as he lived. The saintly King Oswald was wont to translate his sermons, sentence for sentence, into English for the audience. It is a historical lie, writes Rev. F. G. Holweck in the *Herold des Glaubens*, that the Faith was brought to Germany from Ireland. The Celt loves to wander; and Celtic monks roamed about and settled in many places, not so much to spread the Faith among the heathens as to serve God in solitude."

As we did not live in the age when Germany was converted to Christianity, we cannot say from personal knowledge whether Mr. Preuss is correct or the reverse; but, judging from prima facie evidence, we should say the Roman soldiery were not likely to be successful missionaries of Christianity among the Germans. They were rough men, accustomed to camps and conquest, and doubtless, like most soldiers, very little troubled about the spiritual salvation of mankind. Of course Mr. Preuss does not, because he cannot, deny that Irish missionaries visited Germany and led some of the Germans out of spiritual darkness into the light of Christ. But both Mr. Preuss and the Rev. Holweck say that the Irish missionaries were monks and hermits, who buried themselves in the forests of Germany and had no thought of preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

Now it strikes us rather forcibly that both Mr. Preuss and the Rev. Holweck are "off" in their speculations. In those days forests almost covered the whole extent of Ireland, and there was no need for Irish monks to go to Germany in search of arboreal solitudes. They had plenty at home, and to spare. Therefore, by the principle of deduction, they must have gone to Germany for some other purpose than that of living as hermits. They were learned men and would have had small difficulty in learning the primitive Teutonic tongue. Besides, was not the Holy Ghost with them, as with the fishermen of Galilee, and did not the pentecostal fire inspire and animate their labors among Mr. Preuss' ancestors, who were, no doubt, much more grateful to their Irish benefactors than he seems to be? The same remarks apply to the Rev. Holweck, who is evidently jealous of Irish sanctity. Our German Catholic friends should not forget past favors at the hands of our illustrious countrymen, who redeemed them from idolatry and barbarism. They should never forget, moreover, that St. Patrick, with a chosen staff of muscular Irish saints keeps guard, by favor of St. Peter, at the gates of the New Jerusalem, and they had better keep civil tongues in their heads, and moderate the super-Teutonic zeal of their pens, if they expect corner lots in the Kingdom of the Just. The Germans are, in many respects, a great people, but, either as saints or sinners, particularly the former, they are "not in it" with us of the Irish race.

MASS FOR ST. RUTH AND HIS MEN.

One of the most beautiful of all the beautiful ballads written by Ireland's poet, Thomas Moore, is that known as "The Lamentation of Aughrim." It ought to be known by heart by every man and woman of the Irish race, and to that end, we incorporate it with this article as follows:

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the Brave!
All gone and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them and quenched in their grave.

Oh, could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in man, nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past, and tho' blazoned in story,
The name of our victor may be,
Accurs'd is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave, or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruin to fame!

The battle of Aughrim—the Waterloo of Ireland—was fought on Sunday, July 12, 1691, (old style which is July 22, new style). It was, perhaps, the most famous battle ever fought on Irish soil and it, not the Boyne, decided the fate of Ireland. The battlefield lies in the county Galway, three miles and a half southwest of Ballinasloe, and its natural monument is Kilcorpedan hill, which rises behind the Irish position, and on the north shoulder of which, facing east, St. Ruth, the French general commanding the Irish army, was killed by a cannon ball, while in the act of congratulating his Irish officers on the glorious victory they had apparently achieved. His death changed the issue of the day, as he left no order of battle, and the cavalry of the Army of the League of Augsburg, under General Talmash, outflanked the splendid Irish infantry before the latter were even aware of their general's death. The slaughter then became terrible, and there is little doubt that 7,000 of the Irish army, including many officers of high rank, were killed upon the spot. The army of Ginkle, who commanded for William of Orange, also suffered heavily, losing about 4,500 in killed and wounded before the unfortunate death of St. Ruth.

The latter was a very brave and skilful officer, of imperious disposition. Not much is known of his early life, except that he was born near Paris, and was a protege of old Marshal de Meilleraye, who commanded for Anne of Austria during the wars of the Fronde. St. Ruth's record with the French army dated from 1667, when he was, probably, twenty to twenty-five years of age, and he served gallantly through the stirring wars of that period, down to 1690, when he successfully commanded an expedition to Savoy, having under his command, among other corps, Mountcashel's Irish Brigade, of which he had a very high opinion. By this time, he had attained the rank of lieutenant-general—the next below that of Marshal of France. On the death of Marshal de Meilleraye, he married the widow, but they did not live happily together, although it would appear some children were born to them, because a great grandson of St. Ruth was with the remnant of the Franco-Irish Brigade as late as the year 1792. St. Simon states, in his interesting memoirs, that St. Ruth was tall and well formed, but decidedly unhandsome. His temper, the same authority says, was furious, and he did not hesitate, occasionally, to chastise Madame St. Ruth with his baton. They had a furious quarrel after the Savoy campaign, and the General was sent to Guyenne—ostensibly to command a division of the army there, but really to cool off. Just then, James II, who liked St. Ruth, asked that he be appointed to command in Ireland. All contemporaneous accounts agree that he was one of Louis XIV's ablest commanders. However, a six-pound cannon ball ended his career, and Ireland's hopes, on Kilcomedan hill that bloody Sunday evening 204 years ago. A month later, a French frigate, conveying St. Ruth's horses, carriages, equipments and servants back to France, was captured by an English man-of-war off the mouth of the Shannon. Thus he was out of luck, both alive and dead. The English allowed the servants to proceed, but seized on the unfortunate General's relics as trophies of war.

A good story is told of St. Ruth by O'Callaghan in his Green Book. When the brilliant Frenchman arrived in Limerick, in May, 1691, he immediately discovered that the Irish cavalry were short of horses. A happy thought struck him. He invited the resident "gentry," for miles around, to meet him in Limerick on a certain day, to take counsel in affairs of vital importance. They came, to the number of a thousand or more, mounted on their best hunters. St. Ruth treated them hospitably and politely, but, when they undertook to depart homeward, they found themselves surrounded by a cordon of the Irish infantry. Surprised, they demanded of St. Ruth what such strange action meant. "Nothing, gentleman," he answered in French, through an interpreter, "except that your army needs horses, and I seize upon these, in the name of James II, King of Ireland!" The horsemen looked blank for a moment, but soon made the best of the situation, seeing there was no help for it. Many of them, we believe, joined the army and fought to the end.

The following despatch from the village of Aughrim to the Dublin *Independent*, cannot fail to arouse the sympathy of every son and daughter of Ireland residing in the United States: "Yesterday (July 12) in the village church a new interest was added to one of Ireland's historic battlefields by the initiatory celebration of what will henceforth be an annual anniversary—requiem mass for the repose of the souls of those heroes who on that fatal day, in 1691, gave their lives for Ireland. The circumstances which have resulted in this annual celebration are worthy of note. Mr. C. G. Doran, of Queenstown, on reading in a volume published in 1860, that 'the emperor of the French had in the year 1858, a few days before the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, sent an offering of a suit of mourning vestments to the parish priest of Aughrim, with a request that a solemn mass should be offered up for the repose of the soul of the gallant Frenchman (St. Ruth) at the altar of the parish church on that day and every succeeding anniversary,' communicated with Father Coghlan, P.P., Aughrim, who sent the letter to the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, offering at the same time to say a requiem mass on each anniversary for those who fell fighting at Aughrim. The bishop wrote to Father Coghlin, informing him that the vestments were sent, and that a requiem high mass was then offered, but that he was unaware that the condition mentioned was annexed. His letter concludes: 'But I should be very glad, indeed, if you would undertake, as you have already said you would, to celebrate a low requiem mass every year on the date of the battle for the souls of the heroes who gave their blood for Ireland on that fatal field.' Together with his undertaking to celebrate a requiem mass every year, Father Coghlan has in view the project of endeavoring to have a large memorial cross erected on 'the historic Hill of Aughrim.' The undertaking to make it worthy of the brave dead would be a heavy one, but, no doubt, if once the project is started, funds will come, not only from Ireland, but from France and America."

UNITING THE HIBERNIANS.

THE CITIZEN is sincerely glad to learn that an earnest effort is to be made to unite under one head the Ancient Order of Hibernians—a society that has done much in support of the cause of Irish independence at home and abroad. Although entirely composed of Catholics, it is broad and liberal in its social relations with men of other creeds, and it comprises in its ranks some of the ablest men of the Irish race on this continent. In the State of Illinois, and particularly in Cook county, under the able guidance of Messrs. John T. Keating and Lawrence Henely, it has attained a wondrous growth and has been productive of excellent results among the Irish-American people. All of its members take a fraternal interest in each other's fortunes and reverses, and in the black hours of death or sickness, many a household has been cheered, and many a sufferer's couch has been brightened by the practical sympathy of the men of the Ancient Order.

A dispatch from New York, dated Tuesday, says: "The national officers and directors of the Ancient Order of Hibernians are in the city, bent on securing a union of Irishmen in this country in what they consider the most critical point of Ireland's history since the suppression of the rebellion in 1798 and the passage of the Act of Union. They will make a supreme effort to bring back to their ranks the dissenting section known as the Board of Erin, and in addition will do everything in their power to bring other bodies of Irishmen into one fold, despite obstacles that may be thrown in the way by factious leaders. The officers were in conference nearly all day at the Continental Hotel. Those present were P. J. O'Connor, National President, Savannah, Ga.; M. J. Slattery, National Secretary, Albany, N.Y.; T. J. Dundon, National Treasurer, Columbus, O.; Judge Maurice F. Wilhere, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mayor Edward Sweeney, Cincinnati, O.; Judge John M. Clark, Milwaukee, Wis.; and James Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa. The day was spent in attending to the immediate affairs of the Order, and in clearing the decks for action in the interests of union and the question generally of Ireland's independence. A letter was sent to James Haggerty, national delegate of the Board of Erin, inviting him to meet the officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians with a view to agreement for a reunion. Certain terms were submitted to him, and there are hopes that an amicable arrangement may be arrived at, although previous efforts in this direction have failed."

A CIVIL SERVICE "CRIME."

According to our two local "Civil Service" Commissions, it is a crime for a citizen to be 50 years of age or upward. At least, this bar is made in the matter of applications for positions, except in the case of an old soldier, or the like. Yet, as many men of 50 and over have "made history" as those under that age. In modern times especially, we find the Bismarcks, the Von Roons, the Von Moltkes, and other ancient geniuses changing the face of Europe, and rivaling the glory of the youthful Napoleons and Wellingtons. Officers and soldiers of the United States army are considered serviceable until they have attained the age of 64 years. If the matter of age is to be a barrier to public employment, who not begin with the fountain heads? What right has the venerable John Michael Clark, who is "rising 70," to object to men twenty years his juniors? What right has Daniel Deronda Healy, who is supposed to be about as old as Healy's Slough, to make the same discrimination? These good old gentlemen should order their nightcaps and go to bed permanently.

GENERAL O'NEILL'S MONUMENT.

The Irish Nationalists of Omaha, Neb., have earned the gratitude of all their countrymen who honor the brave of their race, by erecting over the grave of Gen. John O'Neill, in the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre, in the city by the broad Missouri, a monument to mark the spot where sleeps the last Irish soldier who inflicted defeat upon the traditional enemy on the field of battle. The battle of Ridgeway, as will be remembered, was fought on Canadian soil, a dozen miles or so north of Fort Erie, Ont., on Saturday, June 2, 1866. Owing to the bad dispositions of the commander-in-chief of the Irish Republican (Fenian) Army, which numbered at the outset about 25,000 men, nearly all infantry, imperfectly organized for the most part, the advance contingents from Kentucky, Tennessee, Southern Ohio and Indiana, reached Buffalo on May 30 and 31, without feeling "touch of elbows" with any co-operating force. These men had come prepared to fight—half of them at least being veterans of the Union and Confederate armies—and, in their impatience, crossed the Niagara river by means of scows, drawn by tugs, to the number of about 600. They occupied old Fort Erie and the village in its neighborhood on June 1, and, early next morning, set out on the road to Welland, intending to cut the canal at that point. En route, they encountered the Hamilton and Toronto volunteers, and a few regulars, at Ridgeway. O'Neill, with a battalion from Nashville, Tenn., was ranking officer and, therefore, in command. The enemy outnumbered him at least three to one. But he had been in many battles, and had faith in the courage of his soldiers. The Irish skirmishers fell back before the Canadian volleys, and this was taken by the over-confident foe, as a symptom of panic. The Irish main line stood firm at a rail fence, and received the redcoats with a well directed fire. This caused the enemy to halt and return the fusillade. Several volleys were exchanged, and, gradually, the long flanks of the Canadian force began to threaten the Irish line of retreat. O'Neill, Col. Starr, and about half a dozen other officers, mounted on steeds "borrowed" for the occasion, appeared in a skirt of woods on the left of the Irish position and in view of the British. Some of the latter uttered the cry of "Cavalry!" and a confused attempt was made to form square. This was O'Neill's opportunity. He seized on it with a lucky inspiration, and immediately ordered a charge, which was executed with thorough Irish dash and vigor.

The enemy, surprised by O'Neill's audacity, lost their morale, and hundreds began to break away from their formation in disorder. The volleys of the Irish infantry added to the panic, and, very soon, the entire Canadian force was in rapid retreat, hotly pursued by the excited victors. In this sharp affair, the British and Canadians had one officer killed, three officers wounded and ninety-six rank and file killed or wounded. The Irish lost one officer and ten men killed, and one officer and about thirty men wounded, some of the latter in a subsequent affair at Fort Erie. O'Neill, having learned from his spies, that Brigadier Peacock with two thousand regular British infantry and two batteries of the Royal Artillery, was advancing to envelop him, made a retrograde movement, carrying off a pair of British colors, a large number of excellent rifles and 600 overcoats, thrown away by the British in their flight, as souvenirs of the encounter. Finding himself unsupported, after capturing the Welland battery at Fort Erie, he drew off his troops from Canadian soil, about midnight on June 2-3, and was arrested, with most of his men, by the United States naval force which patrolled the Niagara river.

The Fenian movement collapsed before the efforts of the American government, which was apparently anxious to ingratiate itself with the British. President Roberts and Gen. Sweeney resigned their respective positions and O'Neill became president of the militant Fenian organization. His subsequent career did not justify the early expectations formed of him by his countrymen. His attempted invasion of Canada in 1870, was a rash, ill-advised undertaking, which his very warmest friends discountenanced. It failed disastrously. Later he made an equally unsuccessful attempt on Fort Garry, Manitoba. Afterward he went into the business of colonization, and succeeded in founding the present flourishing community of O'Neill City, Neb., where his son is now a respected citizen.

John O'Neill, like nearly all the great soldiers of his name, was born in county Tyrone, Ireland, and was a man of peculiar character. Brave to excess, and admirably adroit in action, he was of very mediocre ability in council. All he cared for was to come to blows with the English, for whom he cherished a hatred that was almost personal in its intensity. He loved Ireland passionately, and, whatever his minor faults of disposition, all who knew him agree that he was of heroic mould, and, under more favorable circumstances, might have become a general of the first class. Want of resources cramped his movements, and a too deep confidence in his own judgment led him into acts of imprudence which somewhat marred his otherwise bright career.

In person, General O'Neill was about an inch over the medium height; with bright hazel eyes, a Roman nose, chestnut colored mustache, and dark brown hair. He was well and strongly built, and had, originally, a superb constitution.

The following letter from Mr. John Groves, an Irish Protestant Nationalist, who was foremost in organizing the movement for the monument, will be read with interest:

"OMAHA, Neb., July 29.—*To the Editor:* Some three years ago a few Irishmen met together and decided to erect a monument to mark the grave of Gen. John O'Neill, hero of Ridgeway, who is buried in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery here. A circular was issued appealing to the Irish people of the United States, and published in the different Irish-American papers, which brought little or no response.

"To the Irish Nationalists of Omaha and Colorado, with a few honorable exceptions, the credit is due for erecting one of the handsomest and most substantial monuments in the West. The lot is 12x20 feet, surrounded by a coping of Dodlin granite. The monument is of Barre granite, and stands 15 feet high; the base measurement is 5x5 feet. On the second base is cut in raised and polished letters the name 'O'Neill,' and above this are the crossed swords. The cap of the monument is surrounded by a circle of shamrocks and emblems, in front is the open (red) hand, and on the other sides are the Irish Harp, American Eagle, and Stars, all intertwined with shamrocks. On each top corner of the die, which is polished, is a bunch of 'the chosen leaf;' it also contains the following inscription:

GENERAL JOHN O'NEILL,
Hero of Ridgeway.
Born in Ireland, March 9, 1834.
Died in Omaha, Jan. 7, 1878.

By Nature a Brave Man.
By Principle a Soldier of Liberty.

He fought with distinction for his adopted country, and was ever ready to draw his sword for his native land.
To perpetuate his memory this monument was erected by the Irish Nationalists.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

"To those who subscribed to the fund the committee desire to return their sincere thanks. The monument, the total cost of which was about $1,000, will be dedicated in a short time.

JOHN GROVES, Sec."

MAJOR W. C. MCCLURE and a party of friends are spending the summer vacation at Channel Lake, Ill.

EX-JUDGE JOHN DEAN CATON, once chief justice of the Supreme court of this State, died rather unexpectedly at his residence in this city on Tuesday. He was in his 84th year, and rose from being a farmer's boy in the State of New York to the high judicial position he occupied in Illinois. He was a typical American, the architect of his own fortunes, courageous and resourceful under all circumstances. The latter years of Judge Caton's life were mostly devoted to traveling, and he was the author of several entertaining books relating to his experiences.

THERE died at San Francisco, Cal., on the 26th ult., Mrs. O'Connell, relict of the late James O'Connell, and oldest sister of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, aged 55 years. Mrs. O'Connell was a liberal contributor to the Rossa "skirmishing fund," the "emergency fund" and the O'Donnell defense fund. Her husband, who died a few years ago, was

proprietor of the O'Connell gold mine, of Waldo, Oregon, where he lived for over thirty years, moving to San Francisco about four years ago. He was a staunch Irishman, and his name appeared in every fund subscribed for the overthrow of British misrule in Ireland. Mrs. O'Connell leaves six children, the oldest daughter being married to a worthy Irishman named McKenna, who is connected with the custom house in San Francisco.

THE Columbian Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wis., has been a phenomenal success. The attendance at lectures and other literary exercises has been immense. Archbishop Feehan, Archbishop Ireland and many other distinguished Catholic prelates attended and made interesting addresses.

THE families of Messrs. Richard Walsh, Harry J. Powers, Charles Lynch and John Tait are summering at Delavan.

JUDGE GEORGE F. BLANKE, of the Circuit court, died suddenly at his home in this city on Monday evening of heart disease. He was a native of Germany, and in his 63d year. Judge Blanke was a painstaking, conscientious lawyer, and as might be expected of such a man, made an admirable judge.

WE regret to notice that Mr. Robert W. Patterson, managing editor of the *Tribune*, met with a severe accident while exercising on horseback in Lincoln Park last Monday morning. The animal he was riding stumbled; Mr. Patterson's foot became entangled in the stirrup, and the horse fell upon the limb breaking it between the ankle and the knee. The patient is getting along favorably.

THE CITIZEN deeply regrets to notice, among recent deaths in this city, that of Mrs. Kate Young, wife of Mr. Frank M. Young, and eldest daughter of the distinguished poet and litterateur, Michael Scanlan, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Young was in the prime of her years when death called her to the happier world. THE CITIZEN tenders its sincere sympathy to the bereaved father and husband, and the immediate members of Michael Scanlan's household. Three sisters of the deceased lady reside with their father in Washington. Mrs. Young's mother was Miss Nellie Hogan, of this city, who became the wife of Mr. Scanlan about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War. The late Dr. John Hogan of Chicago was an uncle of Mrs. Young and the Hon. Dennis Hogan, mayor of Geneva, Ill., is a surviving uncle. Her death was unexpected, and is a great shock to all her friends and acquaintances.

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL, who is described in cablegrams from London, as "a walking cane manufacturer in the county Wicklow," has been elected member of parliament from South Meath, where he made the Tories and McCarthyites "cut their sticks." As Mr. Parnell is also a manufacturer of umbrella handles, he might kindly ask the defeated parties to "come in out of the wet."

UP to date the much talked of Bannock "war" has resulted in nothing serious, except the killing of half a dozen hapless savages, in cold blood, by greedy frontier speculators. General Coppinger and his soldiers are much more likely to have trouble with the whites than the reds in the vicinity of "Jackson's Hole."

THE Chicago bar lost one of its most genial members on last Saturday in the death of Col. Frederick W. Tourtelotte, who fell a victim to Bright's disease of the kidneys, at his home, No. 3432 Vernon avenue. The Colonel was for more than a generation a leading Chicago figure, and his death is greatly lamented by all his fellow citizens.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE SCHOOLS ARE CLOSED.

(Not After Whittier's "The Close of School.")

The schools are closed. How do I know?
A little birdie told me so;
A barefoot little chick-a-dee
That I saw up an apple tree;
He had no wings, he did not sing,
But apples "stole"(!) like anything.

The schools are closed. How can I tell?
O, I have ways that I know well;
The yards are full, the streets are full—
The towns all seem to have a "pull"
On boys,—
The popcorn man, the peanut stand,
The "nanno" peddlers know it, and
The very fishes seem to quake
And each day new precautions take
Against a little barefoot band
That haunt the banks of rivers, and,
With joy,
Throw out long lines with luscious bait;
And sun themselves, and patient wait,
And row away along the waves
For something kid in crystal caves.

The schools are closed; and, so, the books;
No hats and coats are hung on hooks
Against the walls;
No echo's now of "A, B, C,"
In "learning's halls";—
Vacation's on: each mother knows
How one can tell when the schools close.

It's when the "cop's" cocks his eye
For small boys bent on rollicky.
The schools are closed—now, once again,
Hurrah for "boys," the coming men!
But, caught up in an apple tree—
Oh, what will e'er befal them then?

MARAH.

July, 1895.

THE SUNBURST OF OUR LAND.

BY M. J. O'CONNOR.

Air: (Gra Machree) "The Harp That Once."

Fill up once more, a last toast drain,
The dearest toast of all;
We've pledged the muscle, might and brain,
That springs from Irish soil:
But brothers, ere good-byes be told,
Let all uncovered stand,
And pledge the flag of green and gold—
The Sunburst of our land.

'Tis seen on every battle-ground,
Where honor leads the way:
In every righteous cause 'tis found,
Amid the brave array;
From icy pole to torrid zone;
From Maine to Afric's sand,
Where'er the cause be just, is known
The Sunburst of our land.

On Fontenoy's ensanguined plain
It shed its radiant light;
It waved above the heroes slain
On Fredericksburg's red height:
When Sarsfield swept from Limerick's walls
King William's hireling band;
Flew proud amid the whistling balls
The Sunburst of our land.

Where'er the slave pants to be free,
Or might usurps the right;
Fling to the breeze for Liberty
The flag that leads the fight!
Where tyrants crush with cruel laws
And brother patriots stand;
Aloft is seen in Freedom's cause
The Sunburst of our land.

On many a battlefield, its light
Inspired our warrior race;
'Twas seldom lowered in glory's sight,
And NEVER in disgrace:
And while there lives an Irishman
With strength to grasp a brand,
Its place shall be the battle's van
Proud Sunburst of our land!

CINCINNATI, Ohio, 1895.

IRISH ITEMS.

CELEBRATE JOHN DALY'S ELECTION.

Seldom has a scene of enthusiasm been witnessed in Linerick the equal of that which prvailed in Limerick Saturday night to mark the feeling of the people at the unopposed return of John Daly, political prisoner, as member of parliament for his native city, says the *Irish Independent* of July 20. Tar barrels and bonfires blazed in nearly every street where a Nationalist lived, and in the old town particularly. A public meeting was held at Bank place, presided over by Mayor W. M. Nolan, previous to which the people in tens of thousands marched through the city, headed by bands and tar-barrels. After the reading of numerous telegrams of congratulation the Mayor, who was received with loud cheers, said he could assure them he spoke no empty words when he said he never felt prouder or happier in his life than he did tonight on presiding under the circumstances of this meeting. They had fought a great fight today and had won. They had fought a fight on the cause of amnesty, which was the cause of justice, mercy, and humanity. John Daly was the true member of parliament for Limerick—and he was sorry he was not present to see their enthusiasm—but he had yet to be released; that time, thank God, was not far distant. Miss Maud Gonne congratulated Limerick on the choice of its member, who was worthy of it and of Ireland. They could not have chosen a better man than John Daly. She was not personally acquainted with him, but she knew of his sufferings and there was no greater test of the worth of a man—no greater title to their love than he should be branded "felon" by England (cheers). By making John Daly member of parliament they had placed themselves in the forefront of the great and glorious battle for Irish nationality. John Daly's return would be an encouragement to the political prisoners. It would give them hope and courage when they knew they were not forgotten. No country in the world dared to treat its political prisoners as England treated the Irish political prisoners. Mr. James F. Egan, ex-political prisoner, also addressed the meeting.

INNS' QUAY BRANCH, I. N. L.

At a meeting of Inns' Quay Branch, I. N. L., held at No. 68 Capel street, Dublin, Mr. McDounell proposed, and Mr. Swords seconded, the following resolution: "That we view with horror and indignation the attempt of the English government to build a statue to Oliver Cromwell, and to make the Irish nation pay a part of the expense. We are not surprised to hear John Morley saying he did not think that the memory of the cruel wrongs inflicted upon the Irish people 250 years ago was still ripe in their minds; we believe, as our ancestors believed, that hell never spawned on the earth such vipers as Carew, Mountjoy, Cromwell and many other hideous despots. Our chief secretaries will want to grapple a bit better with the Irish sentiment, and if they want to heal the wounds that Carew and Mountjoy and Cromwell left bleeding, all Irishmen's password should be today—

The dead who died for Ireland
Are a beacon to our night,
And the halo round their sacred graves
Will catch the holy light.

That will be, my mother Erin,
When her sons no more are slaves,
And the dead who died for Ireland
Shall sleep in freedom's graves."

EVICTION IN SOUTH WEXFORD.

That barren, storm-swept extremity of South Wexford, the Hook Peninsula, where lies the Ely estate, was recently the scene of three heartless evictions. They were carried out by the sheriff's bailiff's, the estate bailiffs and the deputy agent, protected by a force of some fifty police. In neither case was there any attempt made to resist. The parties evicted were John Grace, Broomhill (nine in family), who owed three years on a holding of thirty acres of cliff lands, at a yearly rent of £26; Widow Foley, Greatgraigue (eight in family), who owed three years on a holding of twenty-three acres, also bordering on the sea, at an annual rent of £30 odd, and Mary Brien (two in family), who was two and a half years' in arrears, on a holding of eight acres, held yearly at £7 10s. A year's rent down was offered in the first case, two years' rent in the second and one year's in the third, but each offer was refused. There is no organization of any kind in the Hook, and it is believed that the farms will be grabbed. The poor people who were evicted are in a most wretched condition since, and, of course, the inevitable goal of the very young and the very old is the workhouse. Mrs. Foley and her children are living in an open car-shed; Grace is living under a canvas sheet hoist by the side of a ditch, and Mary Brien and her family are domiciled in the roofless ruins of a once happy homestead.

IMPORTANT PROJECT.

A very important project is now on the tapis in Castlemartyr, county Cork, where steps are being taken for the establishing of a woollen factory, which, in the course of time, will afford another stimulus to the support and encouragement of home manufacture in the extensive district of East Cork. The enterprising firm of Messrs. Garde & Co., of Castlemartyr, are now about to have erected a large and commodious factory for the manufacture of woollen stuffs, and they have arranged with Messrs. Thomas and Charles Howdill, architects of Leeds, Yorkshire, for the construction of the new works on the latest approved principles as adopted in similar factories in England. The land whereon it is proposed to put up the factory is known as Grange, and was purchased a few years ago by Messrs. Garde & Co. from the Earl of Shannon under the provisions of the Ashbourne act, through the medium of the Land Purchase Department of the Land Commission. The Land Commissioners are the nominal owners of the land for an unexpired term of forty-nine years, and this enhances the value of the site for Messrs. Garde & Co. The Messrs. Garde & Co. being virtually the owners in fee-simple of the lands surrounding the site of the factory, there will be ample room in years to come for the extension of the premises. It is only natural to suppose that this new factory will flourish at Castlemartyr. Just now there is such a good demand for woollen stuffs of Irish manufacture that each and every one of the many woollen factories, throughout Cork county at least, are in a most flourishing state. They are in excellent working order, and there is ample room for several other similar factories, not alone in East Cork, but in many other parts of Ireland as well.

HEARTLESS EVICTIONS.

A few days ago five families were evicted out of Inistiogue, county Kilkenny, on the Tighe estate, of which the notorious Capt. Hamilton, of Coolgreany fame, is agent. The tenants offered the rent, but it would not be taken. They were evicted out of a purely vindictive spirit on the part of Capt. Hamilton for the reason that they attempt to fish four miles off the river Nore, on the Tighe estate, half of which is tidal, in defiance of the agent, who is endeavoring to convert its fishery rights to the exclusive use of the landlord, and who, with that object, has instituted an action in the court of chancery, which will be heard next month. Thirty-six additional families in Inistiogue are to be evicted under similar circumstances in the course of a few weeks, and then, indeed, the village will be a second Coolgreany.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Ba h-imshniomhach le Fionn na cdig fir déag sin d'á mhuintir do bhreith uaidh agus é féin d'fhágbháil fa ghcasaibh. "Creud do dhéanam anois?" ar Oisin le Fionn. "Creud d'á dhéanamsois acht ár muintir do leanamhain agus gibé fath no fuis no oiléan a m-beurfaidh an fear mór iad a d-tabhairt linn ar air no ar éigin go h-Eirinn aris." "Creud do dhéanam gan long no luath-bhare againn?" ar Oisin. "Atá," ar Fionn, "gur fhágbhadar Tuc'a De Danann de bhuadhaibh ar chloinn Ghaodhail Ghlais mic Niuil mic Fhéinusa Farsaidh gibé acs leis a m-biodh gnóithe le h-Eirinn d'fhágbháil acht dul go Beinn Edair agus gibé lion do rachadh leis ann go bh-fuighdis a sáith de loing no de luathbhare anu."

Feuchas Fionn do thaoibh na fairrge ann sin, agus do chonnaire dis gaisgidheach 'san chonair chuige ba mhó de mhileadhaibh agus ba láidre de laochaibh agus ba calma de churadhaibh, agus sgiath druimneach dath-áiuinn ar stuaidhleirg a dhroma ag an g-céad fhear diobh, go n-delibh leomhan agus onchon agus griobh longantach ar n-a m-buain agus ar n-a m-beachtatarraing innti. Colg toirteamhail treun-bhuilleach cruadh-loinneardha lán-aibheach ar sháilasaid a cholse chlé, agus dá mhanaois mór-reamhra le n-a ghualainn, agus brat buanchorcra uime agus deaig óir 'san m-brat dé a bhruinne. Fleasg iongantach fhionndruinne um a cheann agus ór fá gach cois de, agus a leithéid sin d'innioll ar an dara fear.

Agus ni fada an cómhnuidhe do rigneadar go d-tangadar do láthair agus do chromadar g-cinn agus do fháilcadar a n-gliúne agus thugadar comhartha úmhla d'Fhionn. Tógbhas Fionn a lámh ós a g-cionn agus thug cead aithisg agus airghill dóibh. Adubhradar gur chiann righ na h-Inniá iad, agus gurab é fá a d-turais go h-Eirinn .i. ar thi bheith bliadhain ar thuilleamh agus ar thuarastal Fhinn i n-Eirinn "agus go g-cualamar," ar siad, "nach bh-fuil i n-Eirinn duine budh glice ioná é, agus breith do bhreith idir na ceirdionnaibh atá againn." "Creud na ceirdionna atá agaibh?" ar Fionn. "Atá agam de cheird," ar an chéad fhear acasan, ".i. tuagh saoir agus cranntabhaill, agus dá bh-fuighbhinn deich g-coud fichead d'fhearaibh Eireann ar son lathair do dhéanfainn a sáith de luing no do luath-bhare dóibh le tri bhuillidhibh dom' thuaigh do bhualadh 'san g-crantabhaill, agus ni tarfainn do chuidulghadh orra acht a g-cinn do chromadh an feadh do bhéidhinn ag bualadh na tri builleadh sin." "Is maith an cheird sin," ar Fionn, "creud i an cheird atá ag an bh-fear eile ád?" "Atá agam-sa de cheird," ar san dara fear, "go m-béirfinn lorg na crannlachan naoi n-iomaireadh agus naoi n-eitreadha no go m-beurfinn i n-a leaba agus i n-a h-ionad uirri, agus is comhthrom do bheirim sin ar muir agus ar tir." "Maith an cheird," ar Fionn, "agus is mór ár bh-féidhm orraibh dá d-tugthaidh-se congnamh lorgaireachta dúinn." "Creud do rugadh uait?" ar fear diobh-san. Innsios Fionn sgeula an Ghilla Dheacair dóibh ó thús go deireadh. "Creud na h-anmanna atá o raibh?" ar Fionn. "Atá orm Fearadhach Fiorchalma mac Righ na h-Inniá" ar an chead fhear diobh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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IRELAND'S MAP.

"The map of Ireland is there!"
Exclaimed a maiden fair,
As a pretty girl came aboard the car;
At the words I looked to trace
Upon the damsel's face
The outlines of that country dear though far.

But the first glance gave my heart
A most tremendous start,
So much beauty ne'er before me was displayed.
Sure the critic rude forgot
To localize the spot,
For Killarney was the Eden thus portrayed.

Black as midnight mount her hair,
Her complexion pure as air,
While her eyes as summer sky were deep and blue;
And her features seemed to take
Like Killarney's limpid lake,
Newer beauties with each glimpse that met the view.

P. P.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The games scheduled by the Gaelic Athletic Association for Sunday, Aug. 4, ought to attract a good deal of attention, as the two teams which are to take the field are undefeated up to the present, and it is an open secret that their opponents will leave nothing undone to turn the tables. The Parnells and Innisfails will meet at football. D. Corbett, captain of the Parnell team, and formerly *cul baire* for the famous Limerick Commercials, is exerting himself in every possible manner to pluck the laurels from the Innisfails, and when an old and sturdy Gael like Mr. Corbett goes to work with a will the labors generally produce good fruit. The Parnells are a good team but lack a little in stamina; however, this failing will be well made up for on next Sunday, as the Parnell team will be reinforced by members of the old Davitt football team, which has disbanded, and the members granted the privilege of joining other teams. It is understood, also, that some of the best players who composed the O'Brien team will don the Parnell uniform. With such a composition things look well for the Parnells, but they are to contest against a team of old and well-trained footballers, who will work hard for victory. It is conceded by all the Gaels that the game will be a close one, and a great number are ready to wager that the Innisfails will taste their first defeat at football this season.

The hurling contest between the Sarsfields and O'Mahonys is considered of far greater importance. The Sarsfields have won the first ties at hurling, having defeated the O'Mahony's at the opening game of the season. The O'Mahonys' late victories over the Sheridans and Innisfails have infused them with fresh ardor for another contest with the Sarsfields, and they will leave nothing undone to place their very best players on the field. The Sarsfields, too, will endeavor to retain the prestige which they have at present. The game is expected to be one of the best exhibitions of hurling that has been given this season, and all lovers of the old national sport will not be disappointed on visiting the grounds next Sunday.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Germanic, sailing from New York July 31: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Robertson, Chicago; Charles P. Miller, Mr. Lynch, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Brodie, Le Mars, Ia.; Mr. Fleishman, San Francisco, Cal.; George H. Simmons, C. H. Rudge, W. L. Dayton, J. A. Snyder, W. N. Reblander, Walter C. Davis, Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. Memory, Pullman, Ill.; U. N. Saunders, Mr. Nicholson, Le Mars, Ia.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

"Better than ever before," is the unanimous verdict of press and public on the second edition of the brilliant operatic burlesque "Little Robinson Crusoe," now in its second month at the Schiller. The great ship-scene and the impressive melodramatic tableau of the wreck, the sinking of the vessel and the ocean storm scene, are scenic and spectacular features that have made an immense sensation, and the Schiller is nightly crowded to witness these realistic novelties. The scenery, costumes and vari-colored stage pictures throughout "Little Robinson Crusoe" are exceptionally beautiful and contribute to an ensemble as effective and brilliant as has ever been witnessed upon the Chicago stage. Notable among the leading popular novelties of this new edition are the shipwreck scene; the new burlesque of "Trilby," by Eddie Foy and Marie Dressler; the great "barefoot" Trilby dance by pretty Ollie Redpath and Daisy and Mamie Gehrue, the "Clam Chowder Trio," a laughter convulsing burlesque on Grand Italian Opera by the comic opera prima dona, Adele Farrington, W. H. Hamilton, the noted buff-baritone and Henry Carter; the new burlesque Hornpipe Dance by the accomplished pantomimists, Vercellisi and Filippi, and the grand transformation scene, a Vision Under the Sea, and the Realms of the Fairies.

The regular amusement season at the Schiller will open Sept. 1, with the new and successful drama "Mexico," by the author-actor Edward Milton Royle, who made such a popular hit at the Schiller in "Friends."

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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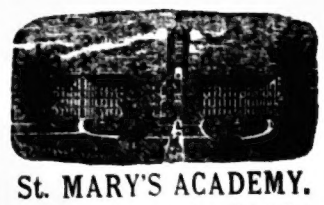

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MODERN BLACK ART.

IT IS SAID TO OUTDO "THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS."

The Three Ways of Casting a Spell—How Toads and Wax Images Are Employed. One Method Is Quite Fin de Siecle—Men of Learning Believe In the Rubbish.

Modern occultism, or, to put it in diplomatic costume, l'occultisme moderne, is becoming decidedly aggressive, to say the least of it, if we are to believe La Revue Illustree. Strange as the news may appear, it is nevertheless reported that the black art is flourishing fiendishly both in Europe and America.

Casting a spell upon an individual, or, as they say on the Bowery, "hoodooing a fellow," has not, according to La Revue, fallen into innocuous desuetude. We all remember the scene depicted by Alexandre Dumas in "Reine Margot," in which the perfumer of Catherine de' Medici plunges a golden needle into the heart, or rather the place where the heart ought to be, of a little wax statuette modeled in the image of King Charles IX. But the magicians of the present day have brought modern improvements into the art. They practice three kinds of hoodooism, according to the caprice of the client and the degree of hatred with which he is possessed. In one they use a toad, in another a doll and in a third they operate a l'esprit volant, or, in other words, they remove the spirit and place it temporarily just where they want it.

Here are the prescriptions for the three methods: You take a road, male or female, according to the sex of the person whom you wish to reach. You baptize it as you would a child, giving it the full name of your enemy. While you are committing this sacrilege you must endeavor to work yourself up into a paroxysm of hatred toward your victim, and you must sandwich the sacramental words with the most horrible imprecations. Then you inflict upon the toad all the tortures that your imagination can suggest, for your enemy is bound to suffer correspondingly.

If you take an eye out of the toad, your enemy will lose an eye, etc. In America, according to La Revue, the Black Crooks have recourse to a more summary expedient. They bury the toad at the threshold of the residence of the person selected for a victim, with the result that he dies as if suffocated.

The doll method is the most ancient and the most classic. It requires a wax figure called a "manie," resembling the victim as much as possible. It is also necessary to have some little objects that belonged to the victim, or, better yet, one of his teeth, portions of his nails or one or two hairs of his head. You mix these things in with the wax of the doll and baptize it. Then, just like the poisoner of Catherine de' Medici, you stick a pin into the figure. If at that moment your enemy is even flirting with a young woman, he immediately begins to suffer from palpitation of the heart, naturally enough, if he does not die from suffocation.

The proceeding l'esprit volant is the latest improvement in this science, and it is the child of hypnotism. In order to execute it you must have a subject whose astral body, which we are told is of a fluid nature, will abandon the material body on your order and transport itself toward your victim. It slips into his veins the poisons which you have learned how to volatilize. The operation terminated, you return the astral body to its carnal dwelling, and you rouse the subject. The crime is committed without anybody in the world being able to accuse you, and you are left alone with your conscience. But the conscience of a Black Crook is particularly elastic.

Now, that is the way they work the machine, and La Revue refuses to reveal the places where the ceremonies are performed for fear of leading its readers into temptation. It is better, it says, to let them believe that the business of casting spells belongs to the domain of fables. But the surprising thing about it is that men of learning and apparently endowed with common sense indulge in this kind of rubbish.

Witnesses well worthy of belief have told extraordinary stories of a certain Colonel de Rochas—stories that can outdo the wildest inventions of the "Devil on Two Sticks." Colonel de Rochas, we are told, has discovered a method of "exteriorizing the sensations of individuals." Asmodeus used to put the souls of Christians who died impenitent into bottles, but M. de Rochas, more ingenious than Asmodeus, concentrates and dissolves in a glass of water the senses of enjoyment and of suffering of a subject previously magnetized. If this water is boiled, the subject writhes like St. Laurent on his gridiron, and if, on the contrary, the water freezes, the unfortunate victim becomes blizzardly cold.

Like the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," all this may not be as true as the Bible, but in these days of advancement why shouldn't the black art be reformed and rejuvenated?

A "Genial" Actor.

I was talking about actors to an actor the other day, and I happened to say, regarding a certain Thespian now passed away:

"Ah, genial old Mr. ——!"

"Oh, yes," retorted the actor bitterly, "very genial! How he ever got that reputation is more than I know.

"When he used to give his famous performance of Sir Anthony Absolute in 'The Rivals' and I'd play Captain Absolute, he'd give me a genial poke with his stick, say, 'Ah, Jack, you dog!' with a genial smile and just keep me a prisoner down at the corner of the stage while he took the center and got all the attention.

"If he saw me working up to get a little notice, which the part required, he'd poke me down again and keep it up till the curtain fell."—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

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These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

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All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

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BONAPARTE'S OPPORTUNITY.

How He Took Advantage of the Overthrow of the Constitution.

All night long, from the 16 to 17 Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting their plans. Next morning at 7 the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council, for the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the terrible conspiracy which was menacing them. Regnier then moved that, according to articles 102, 103 and 104 of the constitution, both branches of the legislature should meet next day at noon, and not before, in the palace of St. Cloud; that General Bonaparte should be intrusted with the execution of their decree, and that to that end he be appointed commander of the Paris garrison, of their own special guard and of the National guard; that he therefore appear and take the oath, and that these resolutions be duly communicated to the directory, to the five hundred, and also to the public by printed proclamation. The motion was carried unanimously.

During these proceedings all the generals present in Paris except Jourdan and Augereau, who had not been invited, but including the stanch republican Lefebre, commander of the garrison, had gathered in and before Bonaparte's house. They had been requested to come in uniform in order to arrange for a review. It was noticed that Bernadotte, though present, was not in uniform. He had so far yielded to the blandishments of his brother-in-law as to come, but declared that he would obey only what was at that moment the chief authority in the state. Lefebre was in uniform, but having met on the way bodies of troops moving without his orders, and not being initiated, he was naturally startled. But Bonaparte knew his man.

"Would you, a supporter of the republic, leave it to perish in the hands of these lawyers?" was his greeting. "See, here is the sword I carried at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a mark of my esteem and confidence."

"Let us throw the lawyers into the river," came the expected answer.

A few moments later arrived the authoritative summons from the Ancients. Bonaparte stepped out on the porch and read their proceedings aloud. By a united impulse the officers flourished their swords in response. It was but an instant before they were mounted, and with Bonaparte in front the cavalcade, headed by men either already famous or destined to become so—Macdonald, Serurier, Murat, Lannes, Andreossy, Berthier and Lefebre—proceeded to the council chamber. It needed but a hasty glance, as they passed through the city, to see that preconcerted orders had already been carefully executed. The troops were all under arms and at their stations in commanding places throughout the town. Arrived at the Tuileries, the general and his glittering escort entered the chamber.

"Citizen delegates," he said, "the republic was falling. You understood the situation; your course has saved it. Woe to them who cause disorder or disturbance! With the help of General Lefebre, of General Berthier and my other brethren in arms I will arrest them. Let no man look for precedents in the past. Nothing in history is comparable to the end of the eighteenth century, nothing to the present moment. Your wisdom passed this motion; our arms will execute it. We desire a republic founded in true liberty, in civil liberty, in populas representation. We are going to have it. I swear it in my own name and in that of my brethren in arms!" "We swear it!" was the antiphonal response of the assembled generals. Some one indiscreetly suggested that Bonaparte had sworn, but not the oath of allegiance to the constitution required by their previous action, but the president hurriedly declared all further proceedings out of order, the assembly having adjourned by its own act.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

The Fly's Mouth.

The fly's mouth is really nothing more nor less than a tongue which, at the proper time, runs in and out of a hole in the fly's head, like the tongue of a snake. Even this latter effect may be proved to be a delusion if you are careful in examining a fly while in the act of eating, for it is then that it may be seen that the combination mouth and tongue is simply a tiny black, thread-like proboscis which unfolds from beneath the head, where there is a little niche or socket prepared for it.

When this combination tongue and mouth is unfolded ready for business, it spreads out, dividing into two fine leaves, which are planted smoothly and evenly over the surface from which the little insect hopes to extract a meal. Should the surface prove dry or unyielding, the fly is equal to the emergency, and by a muscular feat he immediately changes his smooth, soft, leaflike tongue into a rasp which works with lightning rapidity over the lump of sugar or other substance, the particles thus dislodged being quickly sucked into the stomach. In case the meal is a liquid one the mouth and tongue combine to make an excellent pump for transferring the food to the place where it will do the most good.—St. Louis Republic.

The Pogonip.

The following explanation is given of the remarkable condition expressed by the word pogonip: "This is said to be a name given by the mountaineers of Nevada to a sort of frozen fog that appears sometimes in winter, even on the clearest and brightest days. In an instant the air is filled with floating needles of ice. To breathe the pogonip is death to the lungs. When it comes, Indians as well as whites rush for shelter. It appears to be caused by the sudden freezing in the air of the moisture which collects about the summits of the high peaks."—New York Ledger.

IT ANNOYED HIM.

He Came From the West and Was Puzzled That New Yorkers Knew It.

His coat was a trifle too long and his trousers an inch too wide at the knee to be strictly and exactly fashionable; but, aside from these nice discriminations, he was dressed according to the dictates of the fashion autocrats.

We took the "L" together at Park place, and I noticed a puzzled expression, half amusement, half annoyance, on his face. At Thirty-third street he surrendered his seat to an elderly woman and stood in the aisle in front of where I sat. It was evident that he was anxious to tell some one of the subjects on his mind, so I was not surprised when he caught my eye and opened the conversation.

"Just now," he said, "as I was hurrying to the station, a man caught hold of my arm and stopped me. He was a respectable looking fellow, well clothed, and wore a grayish beard parted in the middle.

"'I've been on a drunk,' the man said to me, 'and I am sobering up. I live in Hackensack, and I want to get home. I haven't a cent and want a quarter.'

"I looked him over carefully," continued my chance acquaintance, "concluded he was telling the truth and gave him the money. As I hurried on, he shouted after me:

"'I knew you were from the west, and I knew you would give me the money. They are white out there!'

"Now, what I want to know," said my acquaintance, "is how did he know I was from the west? It's true, but how did he know it? Would you know it? Am I marked? Have I any tag on me to tell others that I am a westerner?"

"None that I know of," I assured him, "unless it be such little things as giving your seat up to ladies. That generally indicates that a man is not a native New Yorker."

I got out at Fiftieth street and left him with the same quizzical expression as if the question had been only half answered.—New York Journal.

DRINK WITH MEALS.

Liquid Food an Aid to Digestion, and Cold Drinks Refresh Heated Persons.

The incessant adjuration not to drink with meals we have always held the reverse of truth from theory and from experience. The latter is that dry meals cause heartburn, the former shows that splitting up the meal of solid food with liquid acts precisely like splitting logs of wood into kindling for the fire, giving the digestive fluid easy access to the small particles, instead of sizzling and making gas on the outside of a wad of thick paste. And the talk of diluting the gastric juice is nonsense, because the surplus fluid drains quickly through the stomach. Better drink too much than too little.

We are glad now to be re-enforced by an English sporting man, Mr. Horace Hayes, who says that drinking nothing during or for an hour and a half after meals is the best of ways to train down weight, but he cannot do it because it always brings on rheumatism—probably from the solid food producing overconcentrated salts in the circulation, and consequent deposits in the muscular fiber. The same writer says that the notion about animals being injured by giving them a drink when heated is a stupid and cruel piece of barbarism; that it only does them harm when the drink is very cold, by producing nervous shocks as it would to a man, while if the chill is taken off it first, it refreshes a heated horse to take a good drink just as it does a heated human being.—Travelers' Record.

We Are Slaves to Greed.

If to be free is to live in a country (the United States) where you are in mortal dread of the press and the police, where you are heartily ashamed of having any one connected with you engaged in politics, where corruption reigns in every department of the government and the municipalities, where the only aristocracy is that of wealth and not of honor, and where the liberal professions are all counted lower than Wall street, where, in effect, men are the veritable slaves of greed and gain, why, give me the old fashioned slavery of the old country and the domination of some recognized house which is at least the fountain of honor.

One doesn't have to apologize in England for going to court, but it seems a necessity in America if one is in any way connected with the White House. When I first came here, I thought a member of the house of representatives held a position at least analogous to the average member of parliament. I find, on the contrary, he is about as much esteemed as an outside broker on the Stock Exchange, and for much the same reasons.—Temple Bar.

Marriage of the Adriatic.

"The Marriage of the Adriatic" was instituted in commemoration of a naval victory won by Sebastian Ziavi, doge of Venice, over Otto, son of Frederick Barbarossa, 1174. In consequence of this victory Pope Alexander III, who had been driven to take refuge in Venice, gave to the doge the sovereignty of the sea, and every year the doge used to go in grand procession in his state barge and throw a gold ring into the Adriatic, saying, "With this ring I thee wed." Flowers were then thrown into the sea, and the procession returned. The sentence delivered by the doge on the occasion was literally, "Despousamus te Mare nostrum in signum veri perpetuique domini."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Appeased.

He (just introduced)—What a very ugly man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson.

Mrs. Hobson—Why, that is Mr. Hobson.

He (equal to the occasion)—Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the ugly men always get the prettiest wives.—London Answers.

WHAT A GOOD KNIFE COSTS.

More Men Spend $3 For a Pocketknife Than Less That Amount.

"More men pay $3 and upward for a pocketknife than less. That may not be the experience of all cutlery dealers, but that's the kind of trade we cater to," said a knife expert from behind the counter of a store on one of the most frequented of down town streets. "Spaniards spend the most money for knives," he continued. "Spaniards who come here are very fastidious in the matter of cutlery anyway. Where an American family in the same circumstances will be content with the ordinary plated tableware, costing $4 or $4.50 a dozen, a Spaniard will have nothing but the finest steel with ivory handles, at $18 and over. The average business man spends usually about $3 for a four bladed knife. If he loses a knife often, as many men do, he comes down to $2, then to $1. Most expensive knives are bought for presents. Four dollars buys an excellent gift. Last season many knives were given for prizes at eucher parties. Such knives were usually the fancy ones, with half a dozen blades or attachments. That big 7 inch knife there is a hunter's knife. It costs $4.

"A man who buys that will take it to the Adirondacks, and when he leaves there present it to his guide. We have one customer who buys three of those knives every year. He gives them to his guides, he says. We sell nearly 150 of them every year. This heavy one here with a big steel hook is a horseman's knife. It costs $7. The hook is used for digging out a stone from the horse's hoof. It has, as you see, other attachments, such as a corkscrew, screwdriver, nut cracker, awl, gimlet and a score of things for other useful or useless purposes, according to the point of view. We sell many of them, probably more than any other one kind. Sailors usually buy pretty good knives. They and Italians go in for big, sharp knives that should be handy in case of defense. Pretty nearly every trade has a peculiar knife. That's one reason why a well equipped cutlery shop makes such a formidable display. Knives cost all the way from 50 cents to $25. We don't sell many at the latter price."—New York Press.

Forge and Furnace of the Future.

The opinion is expressed by a writer in The Mechanical News that the forge and furnace of the future will consist of a lead lined glass or porcelain vase, or cupola, filled with cold acidified water, to which is connected a strong positive conductor, the forge and outfit being rendered complete by a pair of tongs with insulated handles attached to a flexible negative conductor. According to this plan, the smith seizes the piece of iron which is to be manipulated with the insulated tongs and plunges it into the sour water, which begins to boil and bubble the instant it comes in contact with the iron, the latter, in a remarkably short space of time, turning to a red and then to a white heat, ready for the work of the smith. So rapidly indeed is the heating done by this means that the water and the portion of the iron not immersed in the water are but slightly warmed. The principle involved in this process is of a simple and well known character—resistance producing the light and heat—it being found that enormous heat can be produced by such a method, much greater, in fact, than is necessary to extract iron from the most refractory ores. It is remarked that the value of such a process will be especially exhibited in the more complete and rapid handling of heavy iron and steel plates and bars requiring to be hammered and welded—more valuable still for tempering purposes, as the necessary heat for the immersed portion can be so quickly obtained, while the remaining portion holds comparatively cool.

Routed the Bull.

A lumberman attached to John Crane's camp, up beyond the Katahdin Iron works in Maine, was tramping across to a pond late one November evening when he ran upon a bull moose.

The lumberman had no rifle, so he yelled and waved his arms, expecting that the broad antlered bull would dash fear stricken down the mountain. But it didn't. It rushed for the lumberman. He dodged about a tree and dropped his ax. For ten minutes he dodged, half scared to death. Then he climbed the tree.

The bull butted the tree with its antlers until it swayed to and fro, and then walked away a few yards and rested. The lumberman yelled some more. When he could yell no longer, he set his wits to work. Just above him was a dead limb. He broke it off, and as the bull advanced again he set the wood afire and dropped it on the bull's back. With a bellow it ran down the mountain. The half frozen lumberman made a line for camp.—New York World.

An Extraordinary Freak.

A citizen of Tampa, Fla., is the owner of a wonderful curiosity in the shape of a pair of deer's horns in which one of the prongs ends in a startling malformation. Four inches from the place where it branches from the main horn this prong suddenly enlarges into a bulbous growth nearly as large as a man's fist, and it is in this excrescence that the wonder lies. The bulb is in the form of a hound's head, plainly showing ears, mouth, eyes, etc. It was "taken in the down," and were it otherwise it is impossible that it could be a work of art, owing to the enlargement necessary for the freak.—St. Louis Republic.

A Rope Barometer.

In the office of the Des Moines Register is the best barometer in the state. It consists of an ordinary rope attached to the carrier box between the first and fourth floors, making it nearly 60 feet long. This rope is wonderfully sensitive to changes in the atmosphere. At least 24 hours before the average rain it begins to tighten by the absorption of moisture. Its predictions nearly always come true.

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Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 1423 Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; D O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V-P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V-P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2949 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; E H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st. 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Pat Bonan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2735 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—J J Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V-P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Hanrahan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Gallgher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 46 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V-P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V-P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5239 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Latlin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 839 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—M J Jourdan, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McLaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 945 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Bebell's hall, 51st at and West worth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., 10810 Calhoun av; P C Harnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5627 Lake av; Barney Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Deahey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Boey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 914 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 923 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturdays in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckfug, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1039 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale ave.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3840 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schoenmer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schoenmer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1s and 3d W dnesday in S

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 621 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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OPEN FACE.
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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $

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